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THE
S I E G E
OF
JERUSALEM,
BY
TITUS VESPASIAN;
A
TRAGEDY.

To which is prefixed, by Way of Introduction,
An ESSAY on the Mystery and Mischiefs of
STAGE-CRAFT.

By Mary Latter.



L O N D O N:

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THE
SIEGE
OF
JERUSALEM

TITUS VESPASIANUS

TRANSLATED BY
D. Y.



As Essay on the History and Manners of
STAG-CORAT.



LONDON
Printed by C. Bathurst, at the Theatre Royal, in Pall Mall.
1752.

...the Author, that the Author, and
...Power, appearing to the Great, are often



The Observation may, in some Degree, be ap-
plied to People of all Professions, who have
nothing to recommend them to the Notice of the

STAGE-CRAFT,

but my Title to the latter is so indisputable, that
to insist on it were mocking your Patience; it

therefore, my small Address, as a Writer, are suf-
ficient to rank me among any Class of Authors, it

is evident to which I belong. In fact, my usual
situation in the world is that of a Stage-Player, of

ESSAY.

I lament; and only wish some generous Hand
would enable me to convince the World, how

NOT long since I had an Opportunity
of observing to a Nobleman of great



Abilities (and, I flatter myself, his
Lordship will excuse my Freedom, in

repeating the Sense of it to the Pub-
lic) "That there is no Slavery, in a Land of Li-

berly, comparable to that of *Writing for Bread*;

"Distressed Authors are held in general Estima-

tion, as the most despicable Society of Wretches

"among the Human Race; particularly those

"whom Fate (perhaps to complete their Curse)

"confines within the Circle of the Petticoat.

"And, while they are conscious of being thus

"disregarded, and mistaken as Objects of Con-

"tempt, can they, within themselves, be other-

"wise than unhappy? And is not this Unhap-
piness most bitterly increased by feeling, as is

B

"some-

“ sometimes their Case, that the Affluence and
 “ Power, appertaining to the Great, are often *ne-*
 “ *gatively* used to discourage the Efforts,—I had
 “ almost, *from Experience*, said, frequently abused,
 “ to crush the Offspring of Genius, when it hap-
 “ pens to be obscured in the tattered Garb of In-
 “ digence?”

This Observation may, in some Degree, be applicable to People of all Professions, who have nothing to recommend them to the Notice of the World, but their superior Merit or Misfortunes: To the former of these I have very little Claim, but my Title to the latter is so indisputable, that to insist on it were mocking your Patience; if, therefore, my small Abilities, as a Writer, are sufficient to rank me among any Class of Authors, it is evident to which I belong. In Fact, my uneasy Situation in Life, *not* my natural Disposition of Mind, obliges me thus to appropriate the Leisure I lament; and only wish some generous Hand would enable me to convince the World, how readily I would engage my Time in those Employments, which, by some Sort of People, are supposed to be more suitable to my Sex. Indeed, it often gives me Pain to see myself under the Necessity of infringing on the boasted Prerogative of that “lordly Creature, *Man*,” but I assure them my Scribbling proceeds only from those disagreeable Incumbrances, which induce many of them to *drink* themselves to Death, and some even to provoke their lingering Fate by Gunpowder, Hemp, or Poison. This Acknowledgment, which I declare is the real Truth, will, I hope, excuse me to those formidable Gentlemen, who, without having been affronted, take Offence to themselves, when a *Woman* has Assurance enough to shew the World her Thoughts; but these may believe me, when I sincerely assure them, that,
 when

when the Cause is removed, with respect to myself, the Effect will most certainly cease.

Thus far by Way of Apology : I shall now hasten to those Particulars which concern the following Play, interspersing them with a few *Anecdotes* on what (by your Leave, Critics) I shall distinguish by the Appellation of STAGE-CRAFT : But permit me previously to hint, that many before me have incurred the Censure of their *Contemporaries*, though they have been justified by *Posterity*, for detecting the Frauds in divers *Crafts*; such, for Example, as *King-craft*, (extinct in *England* ever since the Revolution) *Priest-craft*, and others, superfluous to mention : An Attempt, therefore, to expose the Artifices of STAGE-CRAFT, which, at present, does as really and truly exist, as any other Craft ever did, or can—Such an Attempt, though of public Utility, will most certainly be obnoxious to the first Consequence, and no-body can be *personally* better for the last. In doing this then, I expect nothing less than to draw on myself the Resentment of the present *Managers*, their Adherents, and Dependants (unless their Opinion of my *Littleness* in Life should continue me *beneath* their Notice, for, as to the impartial Part of the World, I am sure of them on my Side) and it would be Vanity in me to expect better Treatment than others, who have endeavoured to obviate a prevailing Mistake. When a popular *Idol* is first attacked, and its *Divinity* profanely questioned, the deluded Populace, intoxicated by Enthusiasm, and tenacious of their ancient Customs, are easily inveigled to unite their Clamour to the specious Orations of the *Craft*; and to persist in asserting, though not one can tell why, that

“ GREAT IS DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS ! ”

As to the subsequent Tragedy, I neither had at first, nor have I now the Presumption to suppose it exempt from Errors; and my real Diffidence of it was so great, that nothing would have induced me to complete it but the unexpected Encouragement I received from the late Mr. *Rich*, Manager of *Covent-Garden Theatre* *. His chief Objections against the first Manuscript were, That it was wrote with too *religious* a Turn, and too nearly connected with historical Facts: He recommended what Alterations he then thought necessary, and I followed his Instructions as nearly as possible, adding some Scenes, transposing others, and curtailing what he disapproved; and in doing which I spent thrice the Time it cost me at first to compose it: However, being unable totally to divest it of the Spirit of *Religion*, that most formidable Objection remained against it in its primitive Force, both with Mr. *Rich*, and the present *Managers* †.

That this should be any Objection at all, may to some few appear surprizing! but,—*if this is really the Case*, to what Cause shall we ascribe it? Shall we say it proceeds from an elegant *Refinement* on the Taste of the Ancients, or an universal *Depravity* of modern Manners? In Complaisance to my Contemporaries, among whom I have the Honour to stand as a Sort of poetical *Gladiator* (pardon the uncouth Comparison) I would willingly wish the former were verified; but, alas! I fear to examine with strict Impartiality, lest the latter should appear *more* than suspected! Observe me, Reader, I only say, *if this is really the Case*; for there wants not Room to hope the contrary: None in this Nation, Thanks to Heaven! dare, *publicly*, avow the Doctrine

* He saw it before the last Act was finished.

† I refer the Reader to Mr. *Addison's Spectator*, No. 446.

Doctrine of Infallibility either in Points of Religion or Literature: Let us then, in mere Charity to the rest of Mankind, suppose that the late Mr. *Rich*, and, in Conformity to his Opinion, that his present Successors may *possibly* be guilty of an Error in Judgment: It will then appear, that this doughty Objection is the whimsical Phantom of Fear and Fancy, and not, as they would persuade us to believe, the genuine Offspring of Candour and Truth. However, if the *Managers*, from long Experience, have formed an Estimate more *just* than *honourable* of the present Times, it would be well if the Public * retained such a Hint, and improved it to their own Reformation. They are not indeed under any Compulsion, and may use their Liberty as they please. They may suffer Theatrical Productions of a religious Tendency to be totally suppressed (or, which is worse, ill supported) or, by unanimously and effectually uniting in their Defence, encourage their Appearance on the Stage: For, while *Utility* is intrinsically more beneficial to the Community than that which the Critics call *Propriety*, so long the Candid will generously excuse some *trifling Errors* † in the last: Such a laudable, such a necessary Exertion of public Spirit would demonstrate that the generality of Mankind are

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not

* The Public would neither reject the many useful Hints which are pointed out, or overlook the numberless Affronts daily offered them, from all Quarters and on all Occasions, were they duly to weigh the emphatical Import of the Phrase; for, either singly as a Man, or indiscriminately as a Member of Society, every Individual is virtually, identically, and comprehensively included in these two Words, THE PUBLIC.

† I say trifling Errors; because those which are evidently repugnant to Reason, incongruous to Sense, or inconsistent with Nature, must necessarily extend to Distortion and Deformity: As I do not intend, let me not be mistaken as the Advocate for either of these. To this Note I beg the Reader will recur when he comes to Page xvi.

not so callous, so hardened in Vice, as some thro' Interest are animated to wish, and others by Credulity are induced to fear. Besides, it would not only be a seasonable and convincing Proof of their hearty Concurrence in the Cause of Virtue, but would immediately and effectually restore a *Purity of Morals* in our Theatrical Exhibitions: These, having been first corrupted in scandalous Complaisance to the vicious Humours of a debauched Monarch, and depraved Nobility, are still shamefully *permitted*—(I was going to say *publicly* encouraged) if not indirectly to point out the *Practice* of Vice, at least most artfully to conceal its inherent Turpitude, to the Infamy of their first Institution; which, if I mistake not, was originally intended to reform, by their Morals, the Manners of Mankind. Farther,

If this be admitted as a valid Objection, it necessarily follows, that *vicious* Plays are the chief Support of the *British* Theatre! Consequently, that from such Exhibitions alone the *Managers* expect to have proper Encouragement from an *English* Audience: But, that *Britons* are thus degenerate in their Taste for public Diversions, I will not—I cannot—I dare not believe. As this Objection is advanced by MANAGERS,—may it exist LITERALLY, *only* behind the Scenes *!

Notwithstanding the pressing Emergencies of my Circumstances, I had not the Confidence to
perfit

* I hope it will not be thought impertinent to observe, that we have at present a most amiable *Sovereign* on the Throne, who has given us his Royal Promise to discountenance Vice, and encourage Virtue; and this he most effectually continues to do, not only by Precept, but by his illustrious Example. While thus energetically he inspires the Great with noble Emulation to the Practice, a vigorous Execution of our salutary Laws would, I doubt not, greatly contribute to revive its Appearance in Places remote from the *Metropolis*, where I am sorry to say, from common Observation, it seems to be very much wanting.

persist against Refusal: It was manifest by their Tenour, that the Objections levelled against the Play (being as various as the Complexions of those who formed them) were only aimed to perplex and confound me: After it had been put to a Multiplicity of Racks and Tortures, it was condemned, if I understand its Sentence right, *not* as a History, or a Tragedy, or a Romance, but—as an unaccountable Jumble of all together!

One would suppose it impossible amidst such a Chaos to distinguish either Beauty or Deformity; yet, in this Piece—so *contradictory* are its *Parts* to the *Whole*! that there is scarcely a Scene throughout, which has not been allowed a competent Share of Merit. What Pity! if they are really incapable of being *so* disposed as to reflect a proper Lustre on each other?

I offered indeed to correct it again, and remove what might be thought offensive; but I was baffled with idle ridiculous Replies: Sometimes ‘The Subject was ill chosen.’—Sometimes ‘It was not theatrically written *.’

B 4

Other

* I should have been extremely easy, had any *reasonable* Objections been formed against it; I don’t mean that I desired them to appear reasonable to me, I only wish they had been so to those of my Friends who have perused the Manuscript; tho’ perhaps it will be regarded as Impertinence in *me* to set up the fantastical, indigested Opinions of *my* Friends, in Derogation to the *Impartiality* and wonderful Penetration of *Managers* and *Prompters*, especially the Senior *Prompter* of C— G—, whose Opinion in *Plays* Mr. B— once told me, with great theatrical Warmth, (on reading an Answer to some Objections made by Mr. S— against the *Siege of Jerusalem*) he would prefer to that of the *best Poets in England*! An indisputable Proof of his own Discernment as a *Manager*, and an extraordinary fine Compliment on the Judgment of the superannuated Mr. S—, in Contempt of every Author who has Courage enough to vindicate what this *Oracle of STAGE-CRAFT* disapproves. However, it may not be amiss to caution all Authors who would insure Mr. S—’s good Opinion of their Productions, to write them (no Matter how

Other Objections were also advanced as *Reasons* for suppressing its Exhibition, such as Want of Connection, Pathos, &c. * It is reported to have nothing in it any Way interesting to an Audience ; nothing capable to awaken Pity, or inspire heroic Ardour ! Still more, it also contains an uninterrupted Series of Calamity and Distress, too moving—too affecting to be represented before a modern Audience !

Whether these are fantastical Assertions, or have their Foundation in theatrical Truth, let theatrical Casuists determine †. In the mean
Time

bad they are in themselves) on gilt Paper. Who can tell, whether such a Stratagem might not

“ *Turn their Lead to Gold.*”

* I hope it will appear to the discerning Reader, in Regard to *Connection*, that all the Scenes absolutely depend on, and naturally coincide with each other. As to the *Pathos*, though I have carefully avoided *Rant* and *Blasphemy*, as I rather wished to influence the *Hearts* than deafen the *Ears* of the Audience ; yet, I presume the Passions will appear sufficiently *strong*, without being distorted to that unjustifiable Pitch which tends to depreciate the reasonable Mind. 'Tis preposterous to degrade the Dignity of Man purely to increase the *Clamour* of the Scene ! For Example, when a Hero is represented as *wrangling* with his Condition, and finally *sinks* under his Burthen, blaspheming Heaven, cursing his Being, and venting Execrations on the whole Race of Mankind — Whatever the *Managers* may think to the contrary, this is *not* the *Pathos* that infuses itself into,—that *blends* itself with the Soul, but a *Noise* that intoxicates the Understanding. The *Player* indeed may be happy enough to *surprize* the Audience to honour him with a Clap ; but the *Post* will incredibly lessen in their Esteem, when his Piece is re-examined in their Closets. Whereas, when a Hero sustains himself under Misfortunes with decent Fortitude, and becoming Magnanimity of Mind ; when he seems as *resigning* himself to the Disposal of Fate, rather than *compelled* to yield to its Power—then we are, *at all Times*, affected with his Condition : The *Matter* is as persuasive as the *Manner* ; and we find ourselves as much inclined to sympathize with him on the *Recital*, as we did before in the *Representation* of his Distress.

† This brings to my Mind the Moral of a certain Fable :
“ No Confidence ought to be reposed in such as with the same
“ *Breath* blow both Hot and Cold.”

Time I think the best I can do to cheat myself into good Humour, is (poetically speaking) to solicit the Muses, "*That it may please them to extend on my intellectual Faculties a competent Share of Credulity, by the Power of which, those Objections, that (by being, I suppose, beyond my Capacity to comprehend) appear contradictory to my Understanding, may at least be softened like Transubstantiation into a Mystery, and swallowed as an Article of Theatrical Faith.*" For I doubt not that it may, and will be stigmatized as a most unparalleled Piece of Impudence for an indigent, illiterate, impertinent female Scribbler,—assisted only by the Light of Reason, that old-fashion'd obsolete Bauble, to question the Judgment or Justice of those who preside in the Senate of Apollo! for, though their Wills perhaps be sometimes their only Reason, their Reason is always allowed to be Law. In this Particular therefore, as well as most others, the Managers have manifestly the Advantage of Authors: The Breath of Refusal, like a pestilential Blast, is sufficient to wither the Fruits of Genius by spreading Contagion on the most promising Productions; since, by with-holding them from the Light in which they were originally formed to appear, they are incapable of imbibing the principal Rays which constitute their Lustre. The Managers take it for granted (and glory in this their pernicious Influence) that, when a Play is condemned by them as unfit for the Stage, the Public will indolently acquiesce in their Determinations, without farther Enquiry into the Merit or Demerit of the Piece thus condemned.—I will not rashly infer from hence that the Complaisance of the Public on these Occasions exceeds their Discretion; though, perhaps (without being apprehensive of its latent ill Consequence) they carelessly trifle away
their

x S T A G E - C R A F T,

their own Liberty, not considering, or not *discerning*, that hereby they tacitly invest the *Managers* with Commission to pass the definitive Sentence of Condemnation on all Theatrical Works they do not think proper to approve.

The Public would resent it as an Affront on their Understanding, should any one be so mad as to assert, "*That those, whose Business it is to regulate the Economy of the Theatre, are the only competent Judges of what ought, or ought not to be exhibited in it.*" Yet, can less be deduced from their general Behaviour on these Occasions than the Verity of such an Assertion? Be that as it may, the Power of *chusing*, appears to be wholly in the Hands of the *Managers**, who accordingly cultivate it to their own Advantage: Consequently, when a new Play is offered them, to the Exhibition of which superb Dresses, or any other uncommon Expences, are inseparably annexed, it is regarded as a Kind of *new Tax* indirectly imposed on them by the Author: They therefore chuse rather to recur to the more *certain*, and *saving* Expedient of *reviving old Plays*, and *amusing* or rather beguiling us with a new one, (or *two* during the Season) attended with neither *Costs* or *Consequence*, while others are *purposely* stifled or stabbed, and barbarously consigned to Oblivion!

While the *Managers* are thus quietly allowed to assume the Prerogative of introducing *only* what *they*

* Whoever frequents any public Diversion, becomes in some Measure its *Patron*: Far be it from the Public (see the marginal Note, Page v.) to *patronize* a Set of Men, who in Fact reduce them to a *servile* Compliance to the Wills of the *Managers* for the Choice of their Theatrical Entertainments. Yet—thus it is! Thus it will continue, while our Theatres are suffered to be scandalously monopolized by those whose *Judgments* are ever subservient to their *Interests*, whose Avarice is the *ruling Passion* of their Minds!

they please before the Public, we are not to wonder, considering their Dispositions, that they prefer their own private Interest to all other Motives; and, while Things remain in so injudicious a Situation, let no Author dream of raising to *Fame* only on the Wings of *Merit*: If this Idea be not in itself totally *chimerical*, it is certainly of very little Estimation in our Theatres; in order effectually to recommend him to the *Managers* of these, he will find it essentially necessary to be himself a Person of some Eminence, or, *which is far more likely to insure his Success*, that he *previously* engage some Person or Persons of superior Rank in his Favour, whom it may not be thought convenient, or even *safe* to disoblige: When he proceeds on this Foundation, he may venture to assure himself his Play will appear, howsoever ridiculous or deformed; yet, let him not infer, when he has thus far advanced, that his Warfare is happily accomplished. A *Manager's* Power extends no farther than bringing a Play on the Stage, for the Public claim it as their immemorial Prerogative to censure, or crown it with Applause*.

But, suppose the Play a perfect Piece, and that the Author really arrives at the Summit of his Wishes: Pray, what are the mighty Advantages which accrue? (Except Fame) to what *Reward*

* Experience has taught us to observe, that the Public have often the *Assurance* to censure what the *Managers* judiciously approve: We may conjecture from hence, that, were each exhibited with equal Advantage (observe that I say with *equal Advantage*) the Public might, sometimes, as judiciously approve what the *Managers* have the *Assurance* to censure: But this, for I mean not to establish it as *Fact*, I advance as Conjecture only. Yet, let it never be forgotten!—The *Beggars Opera*, a most inimitable Piece, was *wisely* refused by one *Manager*, and brought out by another, who, as Fame reports, was *then* rather compelled to it by his desperate Circumstances, than prejudiced in its Favour by private Inclination.

is he intitled? Why, ha, ha, ha! he is allowed the Chance of three Benefits. Wonder not, Reader, that I laugh at this; for, considering the enormous Imposition of eighty Pounds each Night, for the Expence of the House *, which in Justice ought to be free to the Author, and the unreasonable and incredible *Perquisites*, said (perhaps falsely) to be *made* by their Officers *who sit at the Receipt of Custom*; I say, considering these, and other unavoidable Charges, three Benefits is rather *Sound* than *Substance*.—"The Mountain brings forth a Mouse!" Were a Play to run fifty, or even a hundred Nights, its Author must expect no more; a paltry Pittance!—a scandalous Recompence to those, whose Labours administer the *only* Means of supporting the *Managers* in their Insolence, and affording them the Opportunities they daily make Use of, in abusing their *usurped* Authority! Farther,

If the *Managers* are dubious of the Success of a Play, or *disinclined* (which is oftener the real Case) to favour it with their Approbation, it is expedient to raise some unintelligible or pedantic Objections against it, which never did, or would exist in any Brains but their own: They charge it with Errors, disjoint it with Inconnections, immerse it in Absurdities, &c. as Occasion may serve; and, if either of these are alone insufficient to baffle the *Reason* of an Author, they proceed to lump them all together against him, till they finally intangle him in such a Labyrinth of Perplexities, that he can neither alter it one Way or the other, without finding himself equally in the Wrong!

This Assertion is no less *true* than *bold*; and the Practice is as general, as the Method is unjust.

* And which is not near forty Pounds to the *Managers*.

just. Surely, the Act of Parliament which limits the Number of Playhouses, and restrains Theatrical Exhibitions in *unlicensed* Places, was never meant, however *perverted*, to invest the *Managers* with such boundless Power! Were all the Plays which have been *unjustly* refused, (I don't include all indiscriminately) and the *pretended* Reasons for refusing them, submitted to the candid Consideration of the Public, I doubt not that the cruel Partiality, and, in *some Cases*, the imperious Behaviour of the *Managers* would appear to their Shame and Confusion. [However, this is but one among innumerable other Instances, that what was originally intended to redress a *public* Grievance *, is notoriously prostituted to authorize *private* Oppression; and well would it be, were this the *only* Act in force, which a few wealthy Knaves could pervert to iniquitous Purposes, and *abuse* into a *legal* Permission of tyrannizing over the Friendless and Distressed.—Excuse this short Digression.]

Arise ye Sons of Genius! Arm, and subdue this many-headed Monster!—Let your Pens be as Swords in Defence of your Honour! Resent your Slavery like true-born *Britons*, and boldly unite to vindicate the Justice of your Cause! Will you longer continue to suffer your Machines, (for *Managers* and Players are no other than *your Machines*)—Will you suffer *your Machines* to become your Masters? No longer dream on in such slothful Inactivity, such stupid Insensibility, but—arise from your Intoxication, and trample on your

* Or perhaps only a *pretended* public Grievance; for sometimes what is clamoured against, and stigmatized as such, on Account of its being feared, by a *corrupt* and *venal Ministry*, becomes (as we are convinced by recent Experience) the Support and Defence of a sound one.

your Chain. What a Scandal! What a Reproach! What a *Disgrace* to our Country! That a few paltry, domineering, *Theatrical* Tyrants, are thus tamely permitted to exercise an arbitrary Power, in a Nation where the *Liberty of the Subject* IS THE PROPERTY OF THE PEOPLE! Is not this an audacious Insult on the Freedom of the *British* Constitution? When this is considered with the Attention it deserves, does it appear as mere Matter of Indifference? Rather, is it not in reality of far greater Importance, than the generality of People imagine? Pardon me, Gentlemen of the Legislature! this is only proposed as a *questionable* Point, to be determined by—*what Method* you think proper. 'Tis true, this Wound may be regarded as *nothing* by a superficial or injudicious Observer; but those who are *qualified* to judge of the Case, will see the *Expediency of abstergent Applications*, in order to accomplish a Cure.

But—let us be candid.—Let us hear what the Managers have to alledge in their own Behalf. This may be comprized in a very small Compass, as in general it amounts to no more than as follows, viz.

“That many Authors who set themselves to work for the Stage, are unacquainted with the Difficulties attending the Task: They either mistake it as an easy Thing, or blunder blindly over every Obstacle; being stimulated thereto by the Desire of Fame, the Force of Necessity, or—the complicated Influence of both together.” GRANTED.

“The most of the Plays, submitted to their Consideration, are either full of contemptible Fustian, or ridiculous Bombast, and are really beneath the Notice of the Public.” GRANTED. [But, Query? Why do they then so frequently dispense with this essential Reason for Refusal? so frequently! that

that the Matter of most, which they suffer to appear, abounds in little else.]

“That some there are so egregiously stupid, though they know neither how to speak, or spell, have yet the Impudence to commence Authors! that their Works are consequently vague and sterile; destitute of Pathos, Business, Manners, Morals, and every other Qualification requisite in the Composition of a Play: Yet, nevertheless, are so invincibly obstinate, and so incorrigibly vain, as to accuse the Managers, of Prejudice and Injustice, when Sentence of Condemnation is passed upon their Absurdities.” GRANTED.

“That many who affect to write for the Theatre, though in some Respects People of tolerable Genius, are incapable of conforming themselves to that Rectitude of Design, and Regularity of Composition, which alone can render a Play complete. These, therefore, though provided with all the essential Materials, misuse them in such an aukward and preposterous Manner, as to render that a mere Babel, which, under the Conduct of a skilful Artist, might have been formed into a beautiful Edifice.” GRANTED. [But, N. B. supposed to be a Case which seldom occurs, and which may, when they please, be occasionally dispensed with.]

“That, by the apparent, Till Construction and Mismanagement of their Plans, Authors often demonstrate, that their Ideas of Plays are confused and unconnected; and their whole Knowledge of the Theatre, at best, extremely superficial.” GRANTED.

“That it is inconsistent with Reason, nay, ridiculous, to suppose that their Honour is not as nearly concerned in bringing out a good Play as in suppressing a bad one.” GRANTED. [But, Memorandum—It is notoriously known, that every Play they bring out is not a good one; and I charitably hope, that all they suppress are not so infamously

famously bad, as they in their great Wisdom think fit to inform us. Memorandum also, that *Honour* does not infallibly preponderate, when *Interest* is placed in the opposite Scale.]

“*That the generality of Authors are not only Strangers to the Theatre, but some are totally ignorant, others shamefully negligent of the Rules to which all Theatrical Performances are bound by indispensable Obligation.*”

RULES! What RULES?

“The RULES of *Aristotle*.”

What! Shall the *British* Muse be eternally confined in the Cobweb Shackles of *Aristotle*, and compelled to sing beneath the Weight of galling *Grecian* Bondage? Is the Authority of *Aristotle* to extend to all Ages and Nations? Is *his* Supremacy to be acknowledged from Generation to Generation? This is, in Fact, “to lay a Yoke on our Necks, which, neither *we*, nor our *Fathers*, were able to bear”—mere Superstition!—STAGE-CRAFT!—Theatrical Popery! That is to say, a solemn, specious, pompous Chimera, barely admitted by the Critic,—secretly lamented by the Candid,—blindly idolized by the Pedant only, and hourly spurned, with unspeakable Disdain, by the FUROR ENTHEUS of true Genius, which is really Heaven-born; and, as it derives its Original from the Fountain of Immortality, never was, or will be circumscribed by the limited Laws of Man. To demonstrate the Invalidity, the Insignificance of this pretended Barrier, we have an irrefragable and illustrious Proof in our Patriarch
Shakespeare,

Shakespear, who, in Contempt and Defiance of these ridiculous Bugbears, chose Nature *only* for his Guide: Sustained by her—by her alone, he reached those envied, glorious Heights which will render him conspicuous to the End of Time! Where is there one among our modern Authors, who (deluded by unmeaning *French Gibberish* and Scholastic Jargon) fancying he saw an essential Necessity to admit the Rules of *Aristotle*, as Articles of Theatrical Faith,—Where, I say, is there one, who, when he had painted, and powdered, and patched his Production, *à la Mode de François*, with these impertinent superficial Decorations, could make it appear so *inherently* bright, as *Shakespear's*, in the Rays of Nature? I appeal to the Heart of every Author, who undertakes to compose his Piece in strict Conformity with the Rules above-mentioned, whether he does not secretly *wish* to soar beyond these paltry Restraints, and whether he is not frequently *compelled* to sacrifice his most sublime Ideas to these frivolous Forms, these soppy Ceremonies, these fantastical Devices of STAGE-CRAFT? Besides, it is certainly far easier to prescribe Rules, than to confine ourselves to the accurate Observance of them: The great Mr. *Addison* is an Instance of this, who, as the Critics inform us, laid down excellent Rules for the Composition of Tragedy, but broke thro' them all when he wrote one himself *. Yet, notwithstanding all this, his *CATO*, being the Work of so eminent a Hand, is delivered to us with the + Applauses of our Fathers; and I have not heard of any, except Mr. *Dennis*, who were bold enough, publicly, to controvert its Merit. But—

Has there ever yet been a Play produced so complete, so irreproachable in every Part, as to admit

* Query? Did this proceed from Want of Judgment, or from the Furore *Entheus* mentioned before?

admit no Room for *Cavil*? Authors, even the most eminent and deserving, can only expect the Majority on their Side; no one hitherto, howsoever great his Merit, has been able to obtain the Happiness of universal, unexceptionable Applause.

But, how provoking is it to an Author, who, after having *pinioned* himself down to the Observance of *every Rule*, and, with the most minute Exactness, regarded the Unities of Time, Place, and an endless *&c. &c. &c.* of other Requisites, finds himself just as far from succeeding with the *Managers*, as if he had broken them all? For, notwithstanding the *Potter* they keep, concerning the *Necessity* of these Obligations, their Conduct so frequently and so notoriously contradicts their Doctrine, that the Cheat becomes apparently evident; and is in reality nothing more than a specious *Excuse*, trimmed up in the Form of a *Reason*, and sophistically used to baffle the native Force of *Merit*, when unassisted with the never-failing Auxiliaries of *Power*! This, therefore, is an unsurmountable Obstacle in the Way of those Authors *only*, whose *Interest* with the *Great* is unhappily inferior to their Deserts. *Ergo*,

A Machiavelian Subterfuge of STAGE-CRAFT!

Think not, however, that I would indulge an Author in every Redundancy of a licentious Fancy: There is a wide Difference between pruning a Tree, and lopping off all its Branches. I would have him so far conform to *Rules*, as is discretionally necessary to correct his Genius, but not, by a blind and servile Adherence, permit himself to be ruled out of his Reason! True Sublimity of Thought, Delicacy of Sentiment, Elegance of Expression, and Consistency in Character, infallibly produce

produce their desired Effects on the Minds of an unprejudiced Audience; while the most uniform Production, *unsupported by these*, becomes tedious, disgustful, and insipid: A Play, therefore, though in some Points deficient, with Regard to Uniformity, has a fairer Chance for public Indulgence, than one which has little else to recommend it to Favour, than the *pedantic* Regularity of its Conduct.

This is a Truth armed with Conviction, and which the Policy of STAGE-CRAFT either admits or evades, as it thwarts or concurs with the Interest of the *Managers* *.

To these Animadversions on the Mystery of STAGE-CRAFT, and its mischievous Consequences, may be added many more; and I trust, that (touched with a generous Fellow-feeling, for the Sufferings of his Brethren) some public-spirited Genius of larger Capacity, and more extensive Knowledge, will shortly arise, and interest his Pen on the Subject; if so, I hope to see that those Particulars I only presume to *hint* at, will be enlarged on, and treated with the just Severity they deserve; and that several others will be represented in their true Light, which, though they remain unnoticed here, are equally obnoxious to public Censure. In the mean Time,—

If the Truths herein contained shall be found full hard of Digestion, the *Managers* may console themselves with the comfortable *Reflection*, “That they come *only* from a *disappointed Author*;” STAGE-CRAFT will suggest the Expediency of this Remedy, which, as a *Balsamic Nostrum*, is always ready prepared, and immediately applied to the

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accidental

* So near is the Affinity between *Jesuitism* and STAGE-CRAFT, that those who are acquainted with the Maxims of the one, may tolerably comprehend the Policy of the other.

xx S T A G E - C R A F T,

accidental Wounds they receive on many such Occasions: And this likewise enables them to assume on these Emergencies, an *Aspect of Indifference*, by which they endeavour to insinuate to the World, how much they deem such *Squibs* beneath their Notice.

Let them, if they please, impute all I have said to the vindictive Spirit of Rage,—to the impotent Efforts of womanish Resentment,—to my *Necessity of Writing for Bread* *, or to any other Motive whatever: Nay, they are welcome to *call* it Cavil, or Slander, or Spleen; or to deride it as the Reveries of a brain-sick Imagination.—*All this* they may do, and ten Times more, *without disproving Facts*; for, is any thing more common than to turn into Ridicule what cannot be with Reason opposed? But

That such has not been, and still continues the general Practice of Managers towards Authors, remains incumbent on them to prove.

I am not, however, the first; I suppose I shall not be the last, who will summon them to speak in their own Vindication, and challenge them, in vain, to justify their Ways; for, though so frequent, so many, and so *heavy* are the Charges, which, from Time to Time, have been brought against them, it is remarkable they have hitherto warily evaded giving us the least Reply; and, unless (either by themselves or their Hirelings) they take some Notice of this, others, of greater Consequence

* With which, by refusing to bring out my Play, they have *tacitly*, and as much as lies in their Powers, refused to supply me: and though I do not pretend to say, or *think* the Play entirely *perfect*; yet, as I presume they can bring no stronger Objections against it, than those which have been proved to be frivolous and impertinent, (see Page xxx) I cannot,—and, I flatter myself, the Candid *will* not be persuaded to believe they amount to a Necessity of Refusal.

sequence in the World than I am, will conclude they *dare* not. I confess I should not be sorry to find myself *fairly* confuted, and the future Sale of this increased by the Favour of their *contesting* Influence; since my Booksellers assure me, that the best Method of raising the Reputation of a Work, is, if possible, to procure and spirit on an Opposition.

I know well enough they excuse themselves for their Silence by an Affectation of *Contempt*, for those Authors who have *Spirit* (or what they misdeem Insolence) enough to dispute their Methods of Proceeding: These are industriously represented to the Town by the *Managers*, and their *Emissaries*, as a Pack of factious, hungry, grumbling *Curs*, who, when driven from the Crumbs which fall under their Tables, will endeavour to gnaw Holes in their Coats; and would persuade us to believe, that they are no more in Danger from such impertinent Attempts, than the Moon is from the Mastiffs who snarl at her Shadows! But, howsoever *plausible* such *Pretences* may appear to People of little Penetration, the more *latent* and *genuine* Cause of their Taciturnity is certainly—very suspicious! I wish, therefore, as well for the Sake of their own Credit, as for the Satisfaction of those who may hereafter be concerned, I wish, I say, that they would for once condescend to convince us, that they are not *really* reduced to a *certain Situation*, which, (according to the Sense of a well known Proverb) renders it safest for them *not to stir*.

I hope what has been here advanced, will not be misconstrued, as bearing harder on the *Managers* of the one House, than on those of the other. Personal Invektive, throughout the Whole, is far from being intended; and, it is agreed, on all

Hands, you may lash the *Vice* so long as you spare the *Man*. Let it not be supposed, that I speak of the *Managers* otherwise than as a *Society*, in which, though a *few* do more *eminently* *preside*, it may be a Mistake to infer from thence, that *they* are the *sole* Supporters of *Theatrical Discipline*, or the *only* Abettors of STAGE-CRAFT.

Permit me to add, that all Cause of Litigation between Theatrical Authors and the *Managers* of Theatres might at once be removed, were some effectual Method established finally and impartially to decide their Quarrels: This, I dare aver, might be done with far greater Ease and Expedition, than is generally imagined, and in a Manner so conspicuous, that the Author, or the *Manager*, must be convinced, by the Event, to whom the Blame belongs; which I doubt not, in a Course of Experiments, would be equally shared among the contending Parties.

This, I say, might be easily accomplished; but, for my own Part, I am not of Eminence enough in the World to propose any Scheme of such extensive Importance to public Consideration: For, howsoever reasonable and *necessary* it may be in itself, and howsoever well calculated to prevent future Animosities, the inferior Rank I hold in Life deters me from publishing *my* Sentiments, on an Affair of this Consequence, unless I were encouraged thus to presume by those who have *public Spirit* enough to patronize, and *Power* enough to countenance and support it.

Before I conclude, give me Leave to declare, upon my Sincerity and Conscience, that I say not all this with Regard to *myself* in particular; for, although the following Play has been rejected for *Reasons*, which I hope will manifest themselves to the sagacious Reader, *especially as he draws near the Conclusion of the fifth Act* (see Page xi.) yet,
in

in Consideration of my incredible Misfortunes in Life (occasioned by a Complication of Injustice and Inhumanity) I was respected, and treated with uncommon Esteem by the late beneficent Mr. Rich: The Favours I received from him having been magnified by some People to the Amount of a Hundred, and diminished by others to less than twenty Pounds; I beg Leave to acquaint the Impertinent and Curious, (who always appear to interest themselves *most* in Affairs which *least* concern them) and all others who have been deceived by such Reports, that they are equally mistaken in their Calculations; to convince them of which, and to prevent future Errors, permit me to be particular.

Those who have read a Poem I wrote, intituled, *A Miscellaneous Poetical Essay*, (published by Mr. Sandby, 1761) may see how warmly Mr. Rich espoused my Interest, in promoting that Publication, by procuring one hundred Subscribers at five Shillings each, for a Pamphlet, the Price of which was fixed at one Shilling only *. This amounted to twenty-five Pounds, and, though it was not all out of his own Pocket, yet, as it was entirely the Effect of his own Generosity, to him I am most eminently obliged. Three Months before this (which I should first have mentioned) he came to my House at Reading, and advanced me five Guineas, not having known me half an Hour, otherwise than by reading my Play, which had been previously put into his Hands by a Friend of mine; and he then *spontaneously* declared before several People of Credit, *that the Play would support itself by its own Merit with the Help*

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of

* This Poem has had the Honour, if not the Merit, of being generally approved by those who have favoured it with their Perusal: A few Copies of which lie now for Sale in the Hands of Mr. Sandby.

of a few Alterations. (See Page vii.) At the same Time, and before some of the same People, he promised to advance me the farther Sum of twenty Pounds immediately; but this he never actually performed otherwise, than by the Subscription he raised for my Poem. I was also ten Weeks at his House and Expence, in order, as he kindly said, that, by frequenting the Theatre, I might improve myself in the Knowledge of it. *September* following he added ten Pounds towards clearing me of my Incumbrances; he also told me he had Occasion of my Assistance, and ordered me to resume my former Apartment: There I was at the Day of his Death, which happened (unfortunately for me) but a few Weeks afterwards, and there Mrs. Rich permitted me to continue the remaining Part of the Season. I hoped also to have obtained the Favour of a *Benefit*, as Mr. Rich had purposely put an Opportunity into my Hands, which intitled me to the Right of claiming one; I mean, altering a Farce from the *French* of *De Bruys*, and adapting it to the *English* Theatre; but, as he died before I completed the Design, and his Successors not *choosing* to approve of it when finished, I had the Mortification of seeing my Expectations over-ruled; the Excuse they assigned was *my Want of Interest*,—the real Cause, *their Want of Inclination*: For the Spirit of *true Benevolence* vanished, when Mr. Rich was no more; and a mere dank Vapour—a formal, *fashionable* PROFESSION of fordid, cold, degenerate *Pity*, arose in its Place, destitute of *Energy*—degraded with *Avarice*—disgraced with *Indifference*, and rendered *intolerable* by those *Airs of Dignity*, and *distant Civility*, which, in Proportion as they command our Homage, eradicate our Esteem! However, to *save Appearances* (which is sometimes necessary) I was informed, after long Hesitation and Delay, that the *Managers* had

had agreed to *favour* me with some Tickets in *April*, to dispose of among my Friends; this, at the same Time, I was tacitly taught to look on as a most extraordinary Obligation, due Care being taken to represent it to my Credulity as the very *best* and *only Service that remained in their Powers to do me!*—A Declaration this which deserves no Paraphrase, nor needs an Explanation! The Emergencies of my Situation *constrained* me for the present to smother my Sentiments of their *Generosity*; but—the Boon itself, and *their Manner of granting it*, made so deep and so cruel an Impression on my Mind, that the Remembrance of it will remain indelible.

Those who are acquainted with the Taste of the Town need not be informed, that, in *April* and *May*, Tickets are mere Drugs, which the *Managers* are glad to get any to partake of, even the very meanest of their Servants! In reality, it is only one of the Artifices of STAGE-CRAFT, to crowd the House by the Interest of others when 'tis too late in the Season to fill it by their own: For, understand, Reader, that, whatever Number of Tickets are thus disposed of, half the Value reverts to the Managers: For Instance, if you sell 200 Pit Tickets at three Shillings each, the *Managers* intitle themselves to fifteen Pounds of the Money: Wonder not then, that this was the *best* and *only Service that remained in their Powers to do me.*—In plain Terms, it was the *best* and *only* Method by which to secure a Share among *themselves*, in what they supposed would appear to my Friends as only meant in Kindness to *me!* But,—had they sincerely *been* what they awkwardly endeavoured to *appear*, they might certainly have fixed on a more effectual and genteeler Expedient to have *softened* instead of *imbittering* my Potion of Distress: Suppose they had lent me a few hundred

hundred Pounds for two or three Years without Interest? There have been (as I am told) Instances of such Liberality in *Days of Yore*, without any body's faring the *worse* for it.—This would have impowered me to try my Luck again in *Trade*:—(True, this they might have done at much less Expence than they were at in repairing their House last Season, after the demonstrative Proof they had given of their insatiable Thirst for Gain) but—then they would have been guilty of a *very generous* Action, which I fear will never *justly* be laid to their Charge. To be serious,

Could they possibly act in a more *sordid* unfriendly Manner, than to impose upon me the *severe Necessity* of crawling as it were like a Leech upon my Friends, while they pretended to stand confessed as my *only* Benefactors! Could they possibly have taken a more *cruel* Advantage of my Situation than converting me into a Stalking-horse of STAGE-CRAFT, and in this Shape compelling me to amble to all Parts of the Town, in order to increase, with a few paltry *Pence*, the enormous—the incredible Sum they accumulated by their *Coronation*? Besides, as I never, in any Capacity, belonged to the *Play-house*, nor was in the least connected with it, it was quite out of Character and arbitrary in them to *shuffle* me off with the *Rubbish* appertaining only to its *Rabble*; especially, considering what I had done (or at least had endeavoured to do) by Mr. *Rich's* Orders: For, besides the Farce I mentioned above, I had drawn up a Moral to a *certain Play* *, which, having been compiled from Sir R. Steele and others by an *Author of some Note*, was admitted into Rehearsal: However, it was Mr. *Rich's* private Opinion, that, if the Play was brought

* The Lyar, by S. Foote, Esq;

brought on without a Moral, it would be damned : He therefore took it out of the Prompter's Possession, and put it into my Hands to read, that I might be the better enabled to comprehend, and supply its Deficiency. This Play was exhibited some Time after his Decease, but the Addition I had made (and which was approved of by Mr. *Rich*) was rejected ; in Consequence of which, or, rather some more inexcusable Absurdity, the Play shared the Fate Mr. *Rich* had foreseen. Farther—It was Mr. *Rich*'s original Intention to have introduced the *Coronation* with a grand Masque, for which he gave me a Plan, and ordered me to compose one : I finished the first Interlude, and great Part of the second, when Mr. *Rich* suddenly dropped the Design, and hurried out the *Coronation* with King *Henry* the Fifth.

As it was not my Fault that all this came to nothing, so neither was it Mr. *Rich*'s that I had only such a troublesome, contemptible, Reward : His Disposition was truly, was nobly beneficent ; he did not stop at *wishing a Person well*, or barely *doing* generous Actions, but he blended them also with those amiable Condescensions, and peculiar Graces, which alone are capable of constituting their Perfection, and endearing the agreeable Remembrance of them in a grateful Mind ; whereas, a Favour, conferred with Insolence or ill Manners, perverts the natural Sensations of Gratitude into secret Indignation, Resentment, and Contempt !

Mr. *Rich* had also indulged me to flatter myself that he really designed to exhibit my Play (if I altered it again) early in the ensuing Season ; but, after his Decease, I was informed by the present Managers, *that he never intended to bring it out !* But—the *Truth* of this I will not affirm.

Of

Of more than these I know not ; but, upon the Whole, it appears sufficiently evident, that Mr. *Rich*'s Deportment to me was in all Respects most friendly, disinterested, and humane : I am thoroughly convinced he really wished and meant me very well ; what more he proposed is impossible to determine, but in this I am clear, that, had he longer survived, he had farther Intentions in my Favour. I esteem his Memory with the sincerest Gratitude, and have infinite Reason to lament my Loss !

On these Considerations it may be said, by some People, to appear a little ungenerous in *me* to expose the Chicanery of *Managers* towards Authors, since, whatever is their Method of Proceeding with others, I have experienced many Civilities—.

I do hereby, and ever shall, acknowledge my Obligations to Mr. *Rich* ; and the Foundation of such an Objection will vanish, when those who make it will candidly consider—that personal Obligations are of a private Nature, and in that Sense *only* can be binding ; they ought by no Means to interfere with, or influence our public Conduct in Prejudice of common Justice and Truth, which every Individual, for the general Good, is strictly bound, by Duty, to vindicate and maintain.

OBJECTIONS

OBJECTIONS

AGAINST

The SIEGE of JERUSALEM.

By Mr. S—.

(See the marginal Note, Page xiv.)

THIS Play, called a Tragedy, has, indeed, nothing tragical in it, but is a mere Collection of warlike Scenes, without Plot, and no Way interesting; many to no Purpose, and not conducing to the Design of the Play. What has *Jephtha's* Conspiracy to do here? That is, what Consequence does attend it? Nothing. The Play is as complete without it, and the Scene would be as suitable in any other warlike Tragedy. Farther, here is never a Scene to affect your Passions; nothing whereby you may be moved to pity, or inspired with heroic Ardour. Nothing has the least Tendency to affect you, except the Scene where *Flavius* rescues his Wife, and immediately after loses her; and this after the Play is over; for the Action is concluded when *John* and *Simon* are dead, and *Titus* has entire Possession of the City; for all that follows, his Triumph, &c. might with equal Propriety be protracted, and he be carried to the Walls of *Rome*, and make his triumphal Entry there.—Many of the Speeches are exceeding long;—the Play too is of a preposterous Length, in Excess at least of five hundred Lines.

Extract

xxx STAGE-CRAFT,

*Extract of a Letter to the Author when in London,
in which the above Objections are considered.*

M A D A M,

W H E N I sent my Observations, relative to your Play, I did not foresee that the Loss of them would make it necessary to give you another Copy * ; and, in Truth, I was so heedless of them, that Part has been destroyed : However, it happens that the most material are preserved ; and however inaccurate, or defective they may be, I don't think I pay myself a Compliment by saying, that they cannot exceed in Wretchedness the Objector's Remarks. If (as I said in a former Letter) I should happen to be as warm as true, is there not a Cause ? And though you, in Point of a natural and inherent Diffidence, may perhaps the least approve of this Vindication ; yet, since the Attempt to rescue modest Merit from the Sallies of *Wantonneſs*, or an obdurate, inconsiderate, Heart, is at least innocent, I shall make no farther Apology for sending you some of my Thoughts. * * * * *

Objection I.

“ This Play, called a Tragedy, has, indeed, nothing tragical in it —.”

Answer.

This Assertion appears to me to be *Tragi-comical* : It is well he will allow it to be a Play ! But, if Tragedy consists in a lively Representation of Calamity,

* These were put into Mr. B—'s Hands, but he never returned them again, nor thought proper to make any other Reply than what was hinted at in the marginal Note, see Page vii. This was my Reason for requesting another Copy, which is, in Effect, but not precisely the same.

Calamity, Distress, and Death, *The Siege of Jerusalem* is a Tragedy.

Objection II.

“ But is a mere Collection of warlike Scenes—.”

Answer.

All Tragedies whose principal Action is *War*, must essentially consist of a Series of *warlike Scenes*, connected *with*, and naturally arising *from*, each other: This I believe is easy to be distinguished by an *unprejudiced* Examiner of the Play in Question. But, that it is ‘a mere *Collection* of such Scenes,’ is incumbent on the *Objector* to prove, by producing the Authors from whom they were collected.—Besides, as he has found so much Fault, he might have passed this Objection, as it is contrary to the Verse,

“ When Envy finds *no* Faults throughout the Whole,
She then gives out, the Composition’s stole.”

But, perhaps with this Objector,

“ —most Authors steal their Works, or buy,
Gartb did not write his own *Dispensary*.”

Objection III.

“ Without Plot—.”

Answer.

So far from being *without Plot*, that there are two; one principal, and one incidental: So plain—so evident! that he who runs may perceive them; but indeed he who dreams excites our Laughter when he blindly blunders over both.

Objection

Objection IV.

“ And no Way interesting ; many to no Purpose, and not conducing to the Design of the Play—.”

Answer.

All which would have been totally unintelligible to me, had not the Meaning discovered itself afterwards, in the following sophistical Question.

Objection V.

“ What has *Jephtha's* Conspiracy to do here ?” Which (to prevent such an emphatical Demand from being carelessly disregarded) is reiterated and enforced, in other Words, by Way of Explanation, viz.

“ That is, what Consequence does attend it ?” To which the Objector *sagaciously* answers himself—

“ Nothing.”

Answer.

Profound indeed ! But, because no Consequence does attend it, is none therefore to be deduced from it ? Does it not give a lively Instance of the innate Cruelty and arbitrary Disposition of the *Jewish Chiefs* ? And can it, impartially, be deemed *frivolous* ?—Is it not rather *necessary* to introduce one Proof of the wanton Malice of *Simon*, when so many are recorded of him in History ?

Objection VI.

“ The Play would be as compleat without it, and the Scene would be as suitable in any other warlike Tragedy—.”

Answer.

Answer.

But, for the Reason assigned above, I see no Cause to detach it from this: On the contrary, as the Obstinacy on the one Hand, and the Inhumanity on the other, for which the *Jews* were then remarkable, are artfully interwoven and displayed in the Dialogue betwixt *Simon* and *Jephtha*, I make use of this as another Reason for continuing the Scenes as they stand. However, if it is “as suitable to *any other* warlike Tragedy,” I would recommend it to the Author’s charitable Disposition to distribute it as Prudence shall direct: Though there is such a general *Want* of Spirit in most of our modern Tragedies, that it may be difficult to ascertain where it might be best bestowed; there having been very few Tragedies introduced at *either House* for these last twenty-five Years, which have not been more notoriously incomplete than this, both in Diction and Design.— It brings to my Remembrance a Passage in *Pope’s* Essay on Criticism:

“What woeful Stuff this Madrigal would be,
From some poor hung’ry Garreteer, or me?
But, let a Lord once own the happy Lines,
How the Wit brightens! How the Style refines!
Before his sacred Name flies ev’ry Fault,
And each exalted Stanza teems with Thought.”

Objection VII.

“Farther, here is never a Scene to affect your Passions; nothing whereby you may be moved to Pity, or inspired with heroic Ardour. Nothing has the least Tendency to affect you—.”

Answer.

This is such a Complication of *bare Assertions*, that, one would be almost tempted to think, no-

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thing less than the most egregious Stupidity, or unwarrantable Prejudice, could possibly give Birth to them! There is scarce a Line throughout the Play which does not tend to awake you to Pity, or inspire you with Valour.—A Person must be reduced to a perfect Apathy who perceives not the Distress of *Eliza* in the second Act, or that of *Flavius* in the third, not to mention his Distress for the City, &c. which is apparent, and demonstrative through the Whole of his Character: And I believe the *Objector* would find it difficult to produce any *modern* Tragedy, wherein the Sentiments of *Valour* are better adapted, or represented in a stronger Light.

“ — Except the Scene where *Flavius* rescues his Wife, and immediately after loses her; and this after the Play is over—.”

Well! here is one Incident however, allowed to have some Weight; but, alas! according to the *Objector*'s terrible Denunciation, the Play will be damned—irrevocably damned—before this can appear in its Favour. What Pity that it comes so late?—*even after the Play is over!*

Objection VIII.

“ For the Action is concluded when *John* and *Simon* are dead, and *Titus* has entire Possession of the City—.”

Answer.

The principal Action I grant is concluded; therefore it appears reasonable, that the incidental one should be concluded also: for, I presume, the Audience would not depart either satisfied or pleased, without being informed what became at last of *Flavius* and *Eliza*.

Objection

Objection IX.

"For all that follows, his Triumph, &c. might, with equal Propriety, be protracted; and he be carried to the Walls of *Rome*, and make his triumphal Entry there.—"

Answer.

We are not averse to carry him to *Rome*, if the *Objector* will furnish us with a proper Vehicle, that would, *without producing any Inconsistency in Regard to Time, Place, &c.* convey him thither. But what he affirms—"That *Titus* might, *with equal Propriety*, be carried to, and make his triumphal Entry at *Rome*," I apprehend to be false; that is, incongruous with the present generally accepted Laws of Tragedy, which will not allow more than twenty-four Hours for the whole Action: and, if I distinguish right, this Play, including the Procession, does not exceed that Space of Time.—'Tis true, the great *Shakespear* nobly disdains this paltry Limitation: "He transports us from *England* to *France*, and from *France* to *England*; and unites the various Transactions of Years into a single Evening's Entertainment." Much it is lamented, and greatly to be wished, that Authors (*English* Authors especially) dared now, with equal Courage, break the rusty Chains of *Aristotle*, and gloriously exert the genuine Freedom of the *British* Muse! What Pity, that the *English* Stage is the *only* Place in which the Spirit of *English* Liberty dares not appear!—Excuse this Digression.

To the Remainder of the *Objector's* Asperity I shall be short in my Reply.

Titus's public Entry into the City, if the Procession is *judiciously* conducted, and the musical Part *well* performed, will make a most agreeable

and magnificent Conclusion; and render any additional Entertainment superfluous and insipid: Therefore, lastly—

“Its *preposterous Length*,” which the *Objector* concludes is “in Excess, at least, of five hundred Lines!”—though it contains not three hundred and fifty beyond *The Siege of Damascus*, (the shortest Tragedy I can recollect) nor two hundred more than *The Mourning Bride*—its preposterous Length, I say, being his *last*, I presume is his *least* Objection: and, as no Entertainment or Farce is requisite after such a Conclusion as is proposed, it appears to me equally unreasonable with the rest of his Objections, which seem strongly to indicate (for what Reasons I know not) an implacable Prejudice against the whole Performance.—I would just remark, that the Length of *Speeches*, considered in itself, is no Objection against their *Merit*, as the *Objector* appears to believe; if it be, many of the most beautiful Thoughts of *Shakespeare*, and many a finished Piece of Imagery, must submit to Censure.

Note, If it should be objected, that the incidental Plot ought to be concluded before the Principal, it is evident with what Ease the Scenes might be transposed before the Conclusion of the fifth Act.

I have observed, that many are delighted or moved with the *Stamp* and *Bustle* of the Actor, (in representing a Distortion of the Muscles of Fools at the accidental Loss of a favourite Animal, or some such trifling Incident) who are incapable of following a Scene of well-wrought Distress, through a Chain of Consequences, which requires Abstraction to comprehend it: On the contrary they will, perhaps, pronounce such a Work to be utterly destitute of *Pathos*: Neither have Sentiment and Language any considerable Weight
with

with them; though, after all, they may be better Judges of these than of *Nature*. One may observe however, that, in this State of Things, the *Actor* has more Reason to thank his Stars than the *Poet*.

The Stage seems to reap the Advantage when Taste is “a common Wanderer, that flies From Head to Ears, and now from Ears to Eyes.”

Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach, And praise malignly Arts I cannot reach; Let me, for once, presume t’ instruct the Times, And shew the Poet from the Man of Rhymes: ’Tis he who gives my Breast a thousand Pains, And makes me feel each Passion that he feigns; Enrage, compose, with more than magic Art, With Pity, and with Terror tear my Heart: Can snatch me o’er the Earth, or thro’ the Air, To *Thebes*, to *Athens*, when he will, and where.”

* * * * Upon the Whole, I must deliver it as my private Opinion, (not without wishing it may be the Opinion of those who have more Power) that whoever introduces *The Siege of Jerusalem* upon the Stage, will have the pleasing Consciousness * * * * *

I will conclude with a Wish that Mr. B—— may “dare to have Goodness in himself,” and order your Play on the Stage. May it be an Offering to *Fame*, however excepted! “If it is good, it will defend itself; and, if it is bad, it can never be defended.”

R. COLE.

Reading,
February 19, 1762.

THE
S I E G E
OF
JERUSALEM,
BY
TITUS VESPASIAN;
A
TRAGEDY.

Qui Tragedias ad rectæ Rationis, et Virtutis Normam componunt, Mentem quidem oblectant, minimè corrumpunt; gratis Imaginibus replent, minimè noxiis, vel venenatis; recreant animum, non emolliunt, neque enervant.

Trapp's Prelectiones Poeticæ.



L O N D O N:

Printed for C. BATHURST, opposite St. Dunstan's-Church,
Fleet-Street.

PERSONS of the *DRAMA*.

TITUS CÆSAR, General of the *Romans*.

TIBERIUS, } Lieutenant-Generals under *Titus*.
SEXTUS, }

SABINUS, a *Roman* Officer.

A CENTURION.

JOHN, } Chief Leaders of the *Jews*.
SIMON, }

MALACHIAS, } Officers under *John* and *Simon*.
ALEXAS, }
JEPHTHÆ, }

FLAVIUS-JOSEPHUS, an Honourable *Jew* in the
Roman Camp, esteemed by *Titus*.

MATTHIAS, the High Priest of the *Jews*, a Deserter,
with several others, to the *Romans*.

LEVI, a subaltern Officer.

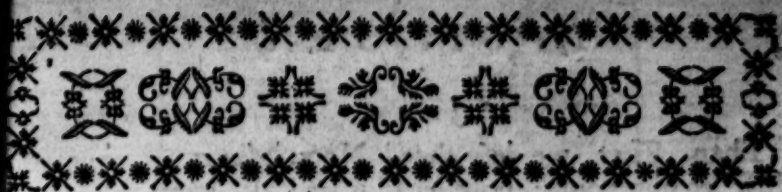
ELIZA, Wife to *Flavius*, a Prisoner in the City, and
beloved by *Simon*.

DEUSILLA, her Companion and Friend.

Officers, Guards, Soldiers, Notaries, Gaol-keeper, &c.

SCENE, alternately in the City and the Camp.
Time, twenty-four Hours.





THE
S I E G E
OF
J E R U S A L E M.



S C E N E I.
The *Fore-Court* of the T E M P L E.

Enter JOHN and ALEXAS, *meeting*.

JOHN.



H A T News, *Alexas*? have you undermin'd
The *Roman* Mount which looks against the
Temple?

As for the rest, so small is their Appearance
They seem as Mole-hills by the Mountain-
Side,

ALEXAS.

Thy Orders are perform'd, and underneath
We've cramm'd Combustibles of ev'ry Kind.

JOHN.

JOHN.

Then, *Titus*, we defy thee! Now, *Alexas*,
 Now let him come; now let him lead his Army,
 His dastard Army, to our City-Walls,
 And meet his own Destruction! O, *Alexas*,
 Already I anticipate Success,
 And in Idea spurn the falling Foe!

ALEXAS.

May Vict'ry, Honour, and Renown attend us!

JOHN.

Ne'er doubt, *Alexas*, Victory is ours
 As sure as tho' it were already gain'd,
 Nor shall a Wretch survive our angry Swords
 To bear the dire disastrous Tidings Home!
 No; from ourselves, first let them learn their Fate,
 When our loud Conquests, thund'ring at their Walls,
 Shall humble *Rome*, and make her *Senate* tremble!
 Her cowering Eagles then, reduc'd their Wings,
 No more from Land to Land, from Sea to Sea
 Shall fly, with Vict'ry on their sounding Pinions;
 But, sick'ning—sinking—pow'rless—and deplum'd,
 Down, down shall fall! and, broken with their Weight,
 Disperse in Dust, and—dwindle into Atoms!

ALEXAS.

Kind Heav'n fulfil this Prophecy, and grant
 Thy *Chosen* thus to crush the *Roman* Pow'r!

JOHN.

Of our ANOINTED's Time, in Days of Yore
 The sacred Prophets have sublimely sung,
 With Life-inspiring, Heav'n-illumin'd Lay:
 Now springs to Light the swift approaching Hour,
 Whose distant Dawn, faint glimm'ring on our Sires,
 Shed on their Souls a kindling Spark of Joy.
 The Time foretold is *now*: Who knows how soon,
 How suddenly!—in the Magnificence
 Superb of Heav'n, HE, glorious! may appear?
 And summon all the Potentates of Earth

To

J E R U S A L E M,

5

To recognize *him* everlasting King,
And universal Lord of all below!

A L E X A S.

With such Ideas rising in their Souls
Let all the Sons of *Abraham* warm their Hopes,
Nor fear the Threat'nings of a Gentile Foe.

J O H N.

Alexas, No; let not a *Hebrew* dread
The feeble Terrors of the *Roman* Army:
What are they? Insects of a Summer's Day,
Which vex and sting us in the Noon-tide Beam,
But fade and perish at the boreal Breeze!
Their swelling Empire soon shall be dissolv'd
In great *Emmanuel's* Ray! Her purple Pomp
Shall sink, like Ev'ning in the Shades of Night,
'Till 'tis no longer seen. His mighty Voice
(As when long since at *Sinai*, holy Mount!
Our Law was giv'n in Lightning, and in Storm)
Shall once again, tremendous! shake the Heav'ns,
Break forth in Thunder, and—astound Mankind!

A L E X A S.

Descend, O potent Prince of Peace! descend:
Compose our Discords, and confound our Foes!

J O H N.

May soon *his* Day arrive! and, in this Hope,
Let all, as one united, stand or fall.

A L E X A S.

Thus Reason dictates, thus Religion teaches;
But, to the Shame and Scandal of our Nation,
Deserters thicken in the *Roman* Camp,
Nor can our utmost Care prevent their Flight.

J O H N.

Means must be us'd to terrify them from it:
Let a Report be publish'd in the City,
That monstrous, and unheard of Executions
And Cruelties, are practis'd on our People
Who seek Asylum in the *Roman* Camp,

I

More-

Moreover, be immediate Death the Doom
 Of all we may suspect of such Designs;
 Nay, if we only guess they wish to leave us,
 Be such compell'd by Tortures to confess it:
 If any be detected in th' Attempt,
 Let him be drag'd alive about the City,
 'Till Limb from Limb the mangl'd Carcase fall.
 Double the Watch at ev'ry private Postern,
 And let the public Gates be strictly guarded:
 If these Precautions fail of due Effect,
 We must proceed from Threat'nings to Examples;
 Four or five hundred, or a thousand slain,
 Will teach them our Intentions are, to act
 With strict Severity t'wards all Offenders——

Enter JEPHTHÆ.

JEPHTHÆ.

Flavius-Josephus waits without our Walls,
 Attended by a Herald from the Camp;
 He says, my Lord, his Message is from *Cæsar*,
 And asks a Conference with thee and *Simon*.

JOHN.

Whence cam'st thou, *Jephthæ*?

JEPHTHÆ.

From the City-Walls
 I was deputed by my Captain, *Simon*.
 With this Commission, and for thy Reply.

JOHN.

Doth he propose to go?

JEPHTHÆ.

He bid me say
 Thy Answer should determine; tho' he thinks
Josephus might be spoken with as a *Hebrew*,
 But not as *Cæsar's* Friend.

JOHN.

Rightly consider'd:
 Return, and tell thy Captain I agree

To

J E R U S A L E M.

To give *Josephus* Meeting; but, if aught
From *Titus*, or the *Senate*, he propose,
I shall despise it with the Scorn it merits.

J E P H T H A E.

And *Simon* will reject it with Disdain.

J O H N.

'Tis well; say thus to *Simon*, † *John* salutes him,
And will attend him to the City-Walls.

[Exit JEPHTHAË.]

Flavius-Josephus, sent from *Titus* too!
Attended by a Herald! See, *Alexas*;
See how the mighty Boaster, *Cæsar*, trembles!
No more disguis'd in Menaces and Frowns,
He shakes his Crest, and roars Destruction round us:
But quite appall'd, and stripp'd of all his Terrors,
He sinks a Suppliant, and solicits Peace!

A L E X A S.

Perhaps not so, my Lord; some other Cause,
Haply may bring *Josephus* to our Walls.

J O H N.

Some other Cause! What Cause has he to plead,
Unless for *Cæsar*?

A L E X A S.

For himself, my Lord;
A dearer Cause, and nearer to his Soul;
A beauteous, virtuous, blameless, captive Wife,
Belov'd by *Simon*——

J O H N.

Inconsistent Thought!
Absurd, impossible! dost thou suppose
He, who forsook his People—He, who now
Adheres to *Titus*, and submits to *Rome*—
Dost thou suppose in his obdurate Breast,
Who feels not for his Country, and her Woes,
Fond Wishes yet remain, and soft Desires?

Sooner

† *Hebraism*; a Mode of Expression frequent among the *Hebrews*: q. d. "Give my Compliments," &c.

Sooner would I suppose the Sun a Fountain,
 Or fancy Snow would freeze upon the Flames!
 But, why delay we thus? Go thou, *Alexas*,
 And bid my Captains be prepar'd to punish
 All those who dare desert their native Nation,
 And league them with its Foes. It shall be mine
 To seek out *Simon*, and communicate
 This Purpose, and its Cause; for, tho' I hate him,
 Yet, by severe Necessity compell'd,
 We must in Concert act, or be undone.
 This farther; tell them that I go with *Simon*
 To speak with *Flavius* from the City-Walls,
 And 'tis my Pleasure they attend me thither,
 And wait on my Return.

ALEXAS.

I go, my Lord.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE changes to the Pavilion of *Titus* in
 the *Roman* Camp.

TITUS, TIBERIUS, SEXTUS, and Attendants.

TITUS.

'Tis most amazing that the *Jews* remain
 Inflexibly perverse! They see their Town
 Surrounded with an Army, and themselves
 Beset with Death in ev'ry dreadful Form,
 And yet, still dare despise the *Roman* Pow'r,
 And kick at *Cesar's* offer'd Terms of Pardon.
 What can a Gen'ral more than I have done
 To save this obstinate, rebellious People,
 Blindly determin'd on their own Destruction?

SEXTUS.

Alas, my Lord, they will not save themselves,
 But all seem resolute to rush on Ruin!

TIBERIUS.

Infatiate for Revenge, bloodthirsty, cruel,
 Each lifts his murd'rous Arm against his Neighbour,
 And in his Brother's Bosom sheathes his Sword!

TITUS.

JERUSALEM.

TITUS.

Detested Butch'ry! dreadful e'en to Thought;
It wounds my Ear, it makes my Heart recoil,
And dwells upon my Soul in Scenes of Horror!
Yet, it shall ne'er be told to rising Times,
That *Titus* ever stain'd the Fame of *Rome*
With one ungenerous, one inhuman Deed:
And notwithstanding all their Load of Crimes,
Crimes! which, till this black Period, slept in *Darkness*,
Nor rear'd their grisly Heads to scare Mankind:
Yet still, to Clemency my Heart inclines;
Yet still, I wish to spare them from Destruction!

SEXTUS.

Sedition, Murder, Famine, Fire, and Sword,
The dread united Rod of angry Heav'n,
By which the *Gods* correct, and scourge Mankind,
Instead of humbling them to meek Submission,
Have kindled brutal Fury in their Hearts,
And quench'd within them all the human Mind!

TIBERIUS.

While godlike *Cæsar* deigns to spare his Foes,
Fondly they fancy Fear restrains his Sword;
And, insolently vain, condemn the *Romans*!

TITUS.

True Magnanimity can condescend
To Actions brutal Courage may mistake,
And construe into Meanness: Let them vaunt;
Titus at any Time can shew his Pow'r,
But shews his Patience first. Believe me, Captains,
I'd rather win a Heart by Moderation,
Than gall its Owner with a golden Chain.

TIBERIUS.

[To the rest, aside from *TITUS*.

Most excellently said, and worthy *Cæsar*!

To *TITUS*.

My Lord, you reign in ev'ry Soldier's Heart:
For you they wield the Sword, for you they live;
When

When you command, in *Glory* they expire!
 Ev'n now, impatiently they wait your Word
 To raze those Walls, to lay yon City low,
 And purge her of her sacrilegious Sons,
 Whose impious Doings shame the Face of Day,
 Affront the *Gods*, and scandalize Mankind!

SEXTUS.

Where'er the *Roman Eagle* yet has flown,
 And, where's the Nation underneath the Sun
 To which the *Roman Eagle* is unknown?
 Among them all, no People have been found
 So base, so barb'rous, so completely vile.
 In Hearts like theirs can *Cæsar* wish to dwell?
 Thus execrable, thus absorb'd in Guilt.

TITUS.

I tell thee, *Sextus*, that to win the Hearts
 Of the worst Foes is greater than a Triumph.

TIBERIUS.

But yet, my Lord, 'tis Time an End were put
 To their Enormities; for, ev'ry Day
 You spare them from your Sword, illumines their Hopes,
 And keeps the Fire of their Rebellion kindled.

TITUS.

This Hour, by *Flavius* I've dispatch'd a Message,
 To let them know, if yet they will submit,
 A Pardon shall be theirs: At his Return,
 If obstinately they persist against us,
 They may be taught Repentance is in vain,
 When Patience, irritated to Revenge,
 Soars on the warlike Wing of martial Pow'r.

SEXTUS.

My Lord, the Famine must reduce them soon;
 For, by Deserters just escaped to Camp,
 We learn they feed on ev'ry kind of Vermin:
 That Murderers and Thieves infest their Streets,
 Who strip the Dying e're their Eyes are clos'd,
 And with deriding Scoffs insult their Anguish:
 Nay, more, the Dormitories of the Dead

These

JERUSALEM.

11

These cruel Miscreants interrupt, and dare
In Search of Plunder violate their Ashes !

TITUS.

Rest it on their own Heads, inhuman Wretches !
Titus is not the Author of their Mischiefs,
Nor is he answerable for their Crimes.

Enter SABINUS.

How fares it with *Sabinus* ?

SABINUS.

Well, my Lord ;
Prosperity and Health attend on *Cæsar* !

TITUS.

Thanks to *Sabinus* ; Fortune smile on thee :
Hast thou survey'd our Works ?

SABINUS.

I have, my Lord ;
And humbly hope they'll merit Approbation.
[*Sabinus delivers a Paper to Titus.*]

TITUS.

What hast thou here ?

SABINUS.

On our Patrol, my Lord,
An Arrow flew directed from the Walls
Which brought us these Contents.

[*TITUS reads.*]

“ To *Cæsar*, Health.

“ Having consider'd well our Country's Woes,
“ And seen our City menac'd with Destruction,
“ Thy well known Clemency we mean to prove
“ By yielding to thy Pow'r. The northern Gate,
“ At the third Watch this Night, will appertain
“ To *Jephthæ*, and his Men ; on him and them
“ Thou safely may'st rely : Thither detach
“ A few selected Soldiers, who may force

E

“ Imme-

"Immediately the Gate, and seize the Guards,
 "Now, e're Assistance come ."

[TITUS *flings it away passionately.*

I'll read no more ;

A Nest of perjur'd Villains ! This is Craft :
 By this they think to sacrifice our Soldiers,
 And extricate themselves : but, 'tis enough,
 Enough for them, that *once* they have insnar'd us ;
 Again they never shall. It is but *once*
 An honest Mind by Subtlèty betray'd
 Demands our Pity, or deserves our Pardon :
 But, whatsoe'er his Dignity, the Man,
 Who, by Experience lath'd, remains untaught,
 Deserves a Fool's-Cap, rather than a Crown.
 But, let us lose no Time ; we'll reconnoitre
 Once more our Works ; if aught perchance appear,
 On which we can improve, it shall be added
 To speed fair Vict'ry to the *Roman* Arms.

[*As they are moving off,*

Enter a CENTURION.

CENTURION.

Just now, my Lord, are sixty *Jews*, *Deserters*,
 All, to Appearance, Men of Worth and Honour,
 Who crave Protection in the *Roman* Camp.

TITUS.

Protected let them be : But stay—Centurion ?
 See them conducted to the Court of Justice ;
 I'll first examine them, that we may know
 Whether they're worthy of the *Romans* Favour,
 And what induces them to ask our Care :
 Caution's as necessary for a Hero,
 As dauntless Courage when he meets his Foes ;
 And all the *Jews* are come to such Excess
 Of Treach'ry, Falsehood, and Dissimulation,
 We know not how, nor where, nor when to trust them.

Exeunt.

JERUSALEM:

13

SCENE changes to a Street in the City:

MALACHIAS and LEVI, meeting.

MALACHIAS.

Good Day to *Levi*.

LEVI.

Opportunely met;

My Bus'ness is to thee.

MALACHIAS.

From whence, and whom?

LEVI.

Flavius, thy Friend, intreated in his Name
I would commend thee Peace: He greets thee well *.

MALACHIAS.

What Guardian-Angel bore thee to my Friend,
And brought thee back to me!

LEVI.

So Heav'n ordain'd,
That I should be deputed by our Chiefs
With Orders that he wait till they attend him.
Short was our Interview:—His Bosom heav'd
With Sighs emphatical; and on his Eye,
For sinking *Sion*, and her sinful Sons,
Trembled the genuine, liquid Sign of Sorrow!

MALACHIAS.

I know his yearning Soul fears more for *Sion*,
Than *Sion* for herself. With filial Tear
He weeps the Parent-City of the World,
And by Anticipation feels her Fall.

[*LEVI walks about as in Disorder.*

Levi! from whence that Sigh? that asking Look?
These Gestures of Concern? Does all go well?

E 2

I almost

* Method of Salutation frequent among the Jews.

I almost fear thy faithful Heart o'erflows
With Tidings terrible——

LEVI.

You wrong me now ;
And yet—I have a Secret—in my Breast,
Of Consequence to *Flavius*——

MALACHIAS.

Well, say on.

LEVI.

But—wilt thou pledge thy Faith to be sincere ?

MALACHIAS.

I swear by Heav'n I will.

LEVI [*hesitating.*]

Then thus it is ;
Flavius intreats thee on his bended Knee
If aught of former Friendship yet remain.——

MALACHIAS [*hastily.*]

Speak his Request, and hesitate no longer.——

LEVI.

Forgive my falt'ring Tongue and idle Fears.—
He thinks 'tis in thy Pow'r, unknown to *Simon*,
To introduce him to his dear *Eliza*.——

[*MALACHIAS starts,*

He'll pledge his Honour never to betray thee,
And only of thy Friendship craves the Boon.

MALACHIAS.

I must consider e're I send him Answer.

[*Aside.*

Unkind, severe Dilemma !—I'm perplex'd ;
Nor know I to consent, or to refuse :
Consent ? I may ; but, should it e'er be known,
Or ev'n suspected by my graceless *Chief*,
Scarce would my Life his fierce Revenge allay.
But, when compar'd with Friendship, heav'nly Union !
Cementing kindred Souls in future Worlds ;

Compar'd

J E R U S A L E M.

15

Compar'd with this—What is our Life below?
 A checquer'd Phantom, various, void, and vain:
 And, whether 'tis a Blessing or a Curse,
 Has been, is now, and may perhaps remain
 An everlasting Problem to Mankind.
 Then—let the Coward shrink, who fears to change
 This present, controverted Mode of Being:
 Better to die *one* Hour before our Time,
 Than live, self-lash'd for base Ingratitude,
 That mean, unmanly, complicated Crime.

LEVI.

Determine soon; while thus we linger here,
 On Time's advancing Wing the Moments fly,
 And Opportunity returns no more.

MALACHIAS.

Observe me, *Levi*; if thou valu'st Life,
 Be secret, and be—faithful. Swear to me,
 As I to thee have sworn.

LEVI.

Blast me each Curse;
 Perdition seize me in my dying Hour,
 If I disclose the Secrets of my Friends.

MALACHIAS.

Return then to *Josephus*, let him know
 This Night I am appointed to patrol;
 Say, I will meet him at the eastern Gate,
 And give him Entrance there.—

[Trumpet at a Distance,

Haste, *Levi*, haste:

The Trumpet sounds, our Chiefs will soon advance,
 I must not fail Attendance: Tell *Josephus*,
 One Hour past Midnight I appoint as Time,

LEVI,

So Heav'n reward thee as thou art sincere!

Exeunt severally.

E 3

Enter,

Enter, and pass over the Stage in Procession JOHN and SIMON, with several Jewish Officers, &c.

SCENE changes to the Walls of Jerusalem.

[Note, *The Construction and Management of the Scenography, &c. in this Place was referred to the Discretion of the Manager.*]

JOHN and SIMON appear on the Walls with their Attendants, and several of the People. A Trumpet is sounded from the Walls, and answered by one from the Roman Herald: Then FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS advances forward,

FLAVIUS,

Once more, my Friends, I come in *Cæsar's* Name.

SIMON [interrupting him.]

And we, in *Cæsar's* Name, refuse to hear thee.

FLAVIUS,

What! will you listen to no Terms of Peace?
Cæsar has condescended to declare,
With your Submission, he unites your Pardon,

SIMON.

Tell dastard *Cæsar* that the Jews despise him.

FLAVIUS.

Be not so rash, my Brethren; rest assur'd
Your City's hast'ning to her Dissolution;
Impending Ruin vib'rates o'er her Head!
Beset without by all the Woes of War,
Within, convuls'd by her rebellious Children:
These are the last—last Moments of her Life;
Peace, the last Effort can be made to save her!
What? do ye chuse to die by civil Discord,
By factious Fury, and rebellious Strife,
Rather than stoop to ask your Lives of *Cæsar*,
And re-unite in Harmony and Concord?

O, Grief

JERUSALEM.

17

O, Grief of Griefs ! to see our holy City
By her own Sons oppress'd—disgrac'd—undone !
O, Brethren, Countrymen, and Friends—consider ;
Consider your distracting Situation ;
Surrounded with inevitable Death,
To your ownelves a Sword, a Snare, a Prey !

JOHN.

I say, *Jerusalem* shall ne'er surrender,
Till not a Man be left to wield a Sword !

FLAVIUS.

Why tempt ye thus your Deaths ? Consider well
The dreadful Consequence of War and Famine :
Your lofty Palaces, your lowly Cottts,
Levell'd alike, lie blended with the Dust,
In one wide Heap of wild uncouth Confusion !
Where are your Gardens, which, in flow'ry Pride,
Perfum'd the Air with aromatic Balm ?
Where are your Olive-Trees replete with Oil ?
Your Orchards teeming with autumnal Stores ?
Do now your Vineyards pour their Seas of Wine ?
Or, lowe your pamper'd Oxen in their Stalls ?
Vanish'd, alas, are all these pleasing Prospects,
This Harmony of Plenty, Peace, and Joy,
And Ruin roars tremendous thro' your Land !
Now, to th' inexorable Force of Famine
Thousands on Thousands yield ! and yet, alas !
A Sacrifice to this insatiate Pow'r
What countless Multitudes remain to fall ?
Where can you turn your Eyes, and not behold
Afflicting Scenes deform'd with Devastation ?
Your Hopes are scatter'd, all your Schemes confounded ;
Your holy Places blush with blameless Blood ;
Your daily Sacrifices and Oblations
To sacrilegious Rioters a Prey !
Can worse befall you from the *Roman* Army
Than what ye madly suffer from yourselves ?
Reflect, my Countrymen.——

JOHN.

Away, thou Wretch !
We fight for LIBERTY, and we'll maintain it
With our Hearts dearest Blood ! these bold Invaders,

These saucy, supercilious Conquerors,
 These HEROES, tyrannizing o'er Mankind,
 Shall kiss our Feet, and crawl in Dust before us!

FLAVIUS.

But, hear me, Friends.——

JOHN.

We'll hear not of Submission:
 Our Liberties are dearer than our Lives!

PEOPLE on the Walls.

Liberty! No *Cæsar*! No Slavery! Liberty, Liberty!

FLAVIUS.

Have Patience, Friends; suppose you him a Foe,
 Who calmly comes in Kindness to persuade you?
 (And, would to Heav'n, Persuasion might prevail!)
 Think what your Children, Wives, and selves have suffer'd;
 Think what remains behind for all to feel!
 Dare ye resist the almighty Hand of Heav'n,
 In Vengeance rising to correct your Crimes?
 Be aw'd at his tremendous Visitations,
 And own th' impartial Justice of his Rod,
 If not to *Cæsar*, yet to him submit,
 Who rules Creation with unbounded Sway.

[During this Speech, several Stones, &c. being artfully aimed
 from the People on the Walls against FLAVIUS, he retires
 farther off, and continues.]

Unhappy Men! determin'd on Destruction,
 Can nothing soften your relentless Hearts?
 Can nothing ——

SIMON [interrupting him.]

Nothing ever shall compel us
 Either to ask our Lives, or yield our Arms:
 Go, whining, false, sophistical Apostate;
 Go, tell thy *Cæsar* THAT, and make him tremble.

JOHN.

Dissembling, preaching, Sycophant, be gone;
 Thou base Defserter of thy Country's Cause,

Thou

Thou vile Dishonour of the *Hebrew Name*,
Return; and tell thy *Cæsar* we defy him!

[*A Stone from one on the Walls grazes on the Head of FLAVIUS, and makes him stagger; he recovers himself: A Party of Romans appear in his Favour.*]

FLAVIUS.

Remorseless Wretches! tho' nor Threats, nor Tears,
Can wound your Bosoms, or awake your Fears;
Yet, know, 'tis yours to fall, 'tis yours to find
Vengeance, inflexible; and Justice, blind!
Severe Experience late may let you see
No Pow'r on Earth can conquer Heav'n's Decree.

[*An insolent Shout from the Walls; FLAVIUS led off by the Romans.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



ACT



ACT II. SCENE II.

Enter TITUS, TIBERIUS, SEXTUS, SABINUS,
FLAVIUS, Guards and Attendants.

TITUS.

MY Propositions to be thus rejected,
With such Contumacy—with such Contempt—
Tho' sent them by a Native of their Nation!
Nay—to insult, to wound him! 'tis enough;
My Patience is sufficiently exhausted:
If I chastise not these Indignities,
Rome will herself be scandaliz'd in me,

TIBERIUS.

Dare I aver it? 'Tis already so:
Each private Centinel begins to murmur,
And thinks his Valour blemish'd by Delay.
Excuse me, *Cæsar*; Duty bids me tell thee
The *Roman* Pow'r should never arm in vain,

TITUS.

Vengeance, *Tiberius*, and the *Roman* Sword
Together shall arise!

SEXTUS.

But, when? my Lord,

TITUS.

If so the Gods permit, Tomorrow's Sun
Shall rise a Witness of the *Roman* Prowess,
And yet astonish'd at the City's Fall!

FLAVIUS.

Alas! how thrills my Heart, when I reflect
That I survive to see the fatal Hour

Which

Which threatens the Town and Temple with Destruction!
 O, lov'd *Jerusalem*! once favour'd Place!
 Mother of Cities, and—the blest Abode
 Of Heav'n's Almighty King!—Forgive, my Lord,
 Those Tears of Anguish which are taught to flow
 From Fears that wound my Soul!—

TITUS.

Observe me, *Flavius*;
 I am determin'd to reduce the Place;
Jerusalem, in spite of all her Pride,
 Shall see, confess, and feel the *Roman* Pow'r:
 What are her lofty Tow'rs, her triple Walls,
 And Gates of Brass to me! shall *Romans* fear?
 Inur'd to Conquest, and in Dangers bred,
 They'll swim to Glory, ev'n thro' Seas of Gore!

Enter CENTURION.

CENTURION.

My Lord, our Scouts deliver in Report
 That all the Out-Guards plac'd at *Fort-Antonia*
 Are sleeping sound as Death,

TITUS.

'Tis well; withdraw.

[Exit CENTURION.]

Now smiling Opportunity reveals
 An arduous Task for Volunteers in Valour!
 Among my Heroes, let the Man declare
 Who dares undauntedly attack this Fort?

TIBERIUS.

[Stepping hastily forward.]

If *Cæsar* wills the Deed, *Tiberius* dares it!

SABINUS.

Could we reduce this Fort, and burn the Temple,
 The City must surrender to our Arms.

FLAVIUS.

Alas, *Jerusalem*! alas, the Temple!
 That Sanctuary divine—O, Horror—Horror!
 O, *Cæsar*!

O, *Cæsar*! O, my Lord! this once again
Let me intreat!—— [kneels, weeping.]

TITUS.

Flavius, I feel thy Tears;
Take *Titus* on his Word,—if possible,
I'll spare the City for the Temple's Sake:
I wage not War against her Stones and Streets,
That were a Blemish to the *Roman* Fame;
No, 'tis the impious Offspring of her Body,
Grown ripe for Vengeance, that I would chastise!
And, to convince them that the *Roman* Arm
On Principles of Honour, not Revenge,
I sent thee to their *Chiefs* with Terms of Peace,
When Pow'r was mine to scourge them to Compliance,

FLAVIUS.

Cæsar is all Compassion; Heaven preserve
The Life he dedicates to Acts of Mercy!

[SEXTUS and SABINUS confer together aside.]

TITUS.

But since, presumptuous, they refuse Conditions,
With Arrogance superlatively high;
Fir'd with indignant Wrath, shall *Romans* rise,
And crush the Wretches with their own Confusion!

FLAVIUS.

Ah me, for *Sion*! hopeless is her Fate,
Apparent is her Fall——Permit, my Lord,
That I withdraw, and offer to my Grief
The Tears—that Grief commands——

TITUS.

Thou may'st retire.

[Exit FLAVIUS.]

SEXTUS.

My Lord, *Sabinus* and myself intreat
That, while *Tiberius* seizes on the Fort,
We may advance our Legions to the left,
And fire their Temple——

TITUS.

TITUS.

[Starting as with Horror.]

Fire their Temple! No:

Forbid it, *Gods*, that *Romans* should atchieve
 By Sacrilege their Conquests! Fire the Temple?
 Rather approach with Awe that sacred Place
 Where dwells, as some affirm, the glorious Pow'r
 Who first created Man! Fight not with Heav'n;
 Nor let a *Roman* dare advance a Wish
 Which tends to Violation. Tho' the *Jews*
 Abandon'd to Impiety, profane it,
 Yet, let the *Romans* reverence the *Gods*,
 Where'er their Altars, and where'er their Fanes.
 But, for the honest Ardour you have shewn,
 You merit Thanks and Praise; this Mark of Courage,
 With Gratitude and Pleasure, I accept,
 And honour with Applause. But, thou, *Tiberius*,
 Go, seize immediatly on *Fort-Antonio*:
 Arm; fly tremendous on the Raven Wing
 Of dusky Midnight; and, e're Morning Dawn
 Disperse its Darkness,—quench their glowing Hopes
 In wild Amazement and appalling Terror!
 Prevent Suspicion by a silent March,
 Which, added to the Horror of the Night,
 Will heighten their Confusion. When you've gain'd
 The Fort, leave there a Garrison of Soldiers
 Sufficient to secure the Acquisition;
 Then—sound your Trumpets at the City-Gates,
 Demand Admittance in the *Senate's* Name,
 And shew them, *Cæsar* mocks their vain Defiance.

TIBERIUS.

I go, my Lord, with Rapture to the Field!

TITUS.

May'st thou return with Honour!

[Exit TIBERIUS.]

Go, *Sabinus*,

With Orders that my Officers repair
 Immediately to Council: Say, my Pleasure
 Is to confer, and fix the surest Method
 To take the City, and secure our Men:
 For 'tis a false Ambition in a *Gen'ral*

To

To waste those Lives intrusted to his Honour,
Or let one Drop of Blood be spilt in vain. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE changes to a ruined Building in an
unfrequented Part of the City. [*Lamps down.*]

Enter JEPHTHA, and three other Jewish Officers, as
in Consultation.

JEPHTHA.

Sincerity is all that I request.

1st. OFFICER.

Suspect us not; for to suspect thy Friends
Is to suppose them false. Have we not Lives
As dear to us, as thine can be to thee?

2d. OFFICER.

Our Lives for thine the Moment we betray thee.

3d. OFFICER.

At thy Command we'd turn these Swords on Simon.

JEPHTHA.

I ask not that—but—would you not prefer,
If Pow'r of Choice were yours, the City's Safety,
Rather than see her sink a Sacrifice
To wanton Cruelty and lawless Rage?

1st. OFFICER.

The Answer's evident, but thy Intention,
In asking this, requires to be explain'd.

JEPHTHA.

In saying thus, thou dost indeed reply,
But not without Evasion: Speak uprightly;
Give me an honest Answer, undisguis'd,
And free from Fraud or Guile.— [*Officers consult aside.*]

Alas, I tremble!

[*aside.*]

And yet—I must proceed.—Should these refuse
To join our Party, all the Scheme's revers'd;
And, Jephtha,—thou'rt undone!

What say you, Friends? [*To them.*
The

JERUSALEM.

25

The Question favours not of Subterfuge,
Nor would it ask you more than it pretends.

1st. OFFICER.

We say—our City's dreadful Situation
Deserves our Pity, and demands Redress.

JEPHTHÆ.

What dare ye venture to insure her Peace?

2d. OFFICER.

All that, on this side Heav'n, Men most esteem,

JEPHTHÆ.

But hark!—look round—

[Starting.

3d. OFFICER.

A deathlike Silence reigns,
And Midnight shrouds us in her ebon Mantle

1st. OFFICER.

Fear not; we're safe.

JEPHTHÆ.

Then let me here repose

The dang'rous Secret in your faithful Bosoms.
I need not tell you how our City groans
Perplex'd with Factions, and oppress'd by Famine,
A hungry Fury, and intestine Foe:
War thund'ring at her Walls, and threat'ning loud
Her final Fall; her dreadful Desolation.
Ten thousand other Woes which want a Name
With agonizing Tortures rend her Breast!
Need I recount th' innumerable Murders
Which hourly stain her Streets with recent Gore?
Need I recount their Perjuries, their Frauds,
Their Rapine, Cruelty, and lewd Excesses?
Are not their Hearts the dark Repositories
Of all that's execrable and prophane?
How would our dear Forefathers blush to see
Thus sunk in Vice their base degenerate Sons!
How would they wail to see the holy Temple,
That glorious Place—that Wonder of all Nations—
That

That sacred Residence of Pow'r divine !
Debauch'd with Riot, and defil'd with Blood—
With Hebrew Blood !—by Hebrew Brethren shed !

1st. OFFICER.

Heav'n !—it alarms my Soul—

2d. OFFICER.

And mine it fires—

[Enter MALACHIAS softly behind them with his Patrol, to whom he gives a Signal to conceal themselves, and places himself unseen, to listen.]

JEPHTHÆ.

[Interrupting the Officer.

All this we suffer for ingrateful Tyrants :
For John—for Simon—sacrilegious Villains,
Blood-thirty Tyrants, rav'nous Beasts of Prey !
The Sons of Sion mourn her Situation,
And bathe her Stones with Tears ! Liberty fits,
Like fading Youth upon the Matron's Brow,
Effaying—yet,—unwilling to depart.

1st. OFFICER.

Consummate our Distress ! and to prevent
Our Fate impossible—What can we do ?

JEPHTHÆ.

What can we do ?—Surrender to the Romans :
Deliver to their Chains our vile Commanders,
And set our City and her People free
From War without, and Tyranny within.

1st. OFFICER.

This Remedy is no less brave than bold,
But must be us'd with Caution.

MALACHIAS [aside.]

Very well, Sirs ;
Simon shall hear of this I dare assure you.

JEPHTHÆ.

JEPHTHA.

A desp'rate Case demands a desp'rate Cure:
 What are they both but Tygers in our City?
 Which ought immediately to be remov'd,
 E're they consume the Flesh, and quench the Vitals.

2d. OFFICER.

But how shall we communicate to *Cesar*
 The Purpose we intend?

JEPHTHA.

Of that no more;
Cesar has been appriz'd of our Intentions:
 Our Plot is unsuspected—

[*MALACHIAS steps suddenly forward, the Patrol at the same Time rush in and surround them.*]

MALACHIAS.

Seize them all.

[*He lays hold on JEPHTHA, and the rest of his Party*
seize the other Officers.]

JEPHTHA.

On what Authority dost thou presume
 To seize thy equal in Command? Hah! speak—
 Stand back—

[*Pushes MALACHIAS away, and draws on him.*]

MALACHIAS.

Help, Guards; immediately disarm him.

JEPHTHA.

I'll not surrender—Villain; draw thy Sword!

MALACHIAS.

Hah! Villain, say'st thou?

JEPHTHA.

Yes:

F

MALACHIAS.

MALACHIAS.

More Villain thou!
 But, rest my Sword, nor rise against the Coward
 Who would resign his own; and sacrifice
 The holy City to a Gentile Foe. [Struggle.]

JEPHTHA.

I will not quit my Sword—

MALACHIAS.

Thou shalt, by Heav'n— [Wresting it from him.]

[To his Men.]

I say—disarm them;—instantly disarm them—

JEPHTHA.

Confusion! we're detected and undone— [half aside.]

MALACHIAS.

What? dost thou mutter, Traitor! Lead them off,
 Place them in sep'rate Prisons, chain them down;
 Let no Access be granted to their Friends:
 Mean While I'll haste to Simon, and acquaint him
 With all the Treach'ry of this black Design. [Exeunt.]

SCENE draws and discovers a dark Cell in a
 Prison. [Lamps down, to the End of the Act.]

ELIZA sitting disconsolately with DRUSILLA.

ELIZA.

Ah, no; *Drusilla*: He's for ever gone!
 My best belov'd, my *Flavius* is—no more.
 Must I survive his loss?—Can I survive?
 When he—for whom alone, thus long, I've borne
 The cumb'rous Load of Life!—for whose dear Sake
 And Virtue's Cause I hail'd this dreary Cell—
 When he no longer lives to cheer my Hopes,
 Ah, what on Earth remains? Come, gentle Death,
 And waft—O waft me to the peaceful Shores
 Of long, celestial Day, where ceases Grief,
 And Mis'ry mourns no more!—

[Weeps.]

DRUSILLA.

DRUSILLA.

And yet, perhaps,
He may be wounded only; hope the best:
Why will you thus distract your Soul with Rumours?
Those weaken'd Undulations of a Tale
Confus'd with Contradictions—

ELIZA.

Say not so; [Rising and coming forward.
Nor mention Hope to me: Dost thou suppose
That such chimerical, delusive Dreams
Can charm the Pangs of Heart-afflicting Woe?
No—from these Eyes let never ceasing Tears
Descend in Torrents down; and, from this Breast
Surcharg'd with Sorrow, let continual Sighs
Enlarge, and lengthen each successive Gale!
O—*Flavius*! if from those celestial Regions
Where Souls departed still exist in Light—
From thence, if thou t'wards this polluted World
To aught that mourns in Dust can't lend Regard,
Behold the widow'd Wretch, who now deplores
Thy Loss—alas! how great? with nameless Anguish.

DRUSILLA.

Dear Madam—

ELIZA [hastily.]

Peace, *Drusilla*; look—look there!

Alas, 'tis gone!

DRUSILLA.

What did you think you saw?

ELIZA.

Drusilla! Oh—methought I saw the Shade
Of my departed Husband swiftly glide
Athwart yon Passage, and approach my Cell!
Why didst thou speak? why didst thou interrupt it?
Imprudent Girl! who knows on what Occasion,
Or with what high Commission charg'd, he came?
Perhaps his Embassy was big with Fate,
And Evils unforeseen! These to prevent,

Or warn me to avoid, might be the Cause
That thus, in Vapour visible, or Air
Materially condens'd, he is permitted
To sweep, majestic, thro' this dreary Gloom,
And scare the Darkness with his awful Presence!

[A Noise at the Door, they start.

Hark! the Lock trembles! the indurate Door
Seems self-indu'd with Motion!— [Bolts are beat back.

DRUSILLA.

Gracious Heav'n!

Where will these dire, portentous Omens end?
Are we awake? Or, does some fearful Vision,
Of Influence malign, disguis'd in Midnight,
With solemn Horror press upon my Soul?
I'm terrified!—

Enter SIMON with a Taper.

[He whispers with the Keeper.

ELIZA.

[Regarding him earnestly as he is whispering.

Confusion and Distraction!

'Tis Simon as I live! Protect me, Heav'n!
What does the base, detested Villain here
At this unseasonable silent Hour?
Must I still suffer his abhorr'd Addresses?
Still be the Object of his loathsome Love?
O—could I pluck that Poniard from his Side,
And plunge it in his Bosom!—hellish Fiend!

SIMON.

[Approaching ELIZA.

Lamenting still? My Fair-one, mourn no more;
Nor quench in Tears those radiant Orbs of Light,
Which late with such unrivall'd Lustre shone.
I wait on you with Tidings of Importance;
Tidings, to harmonize your Soul, and turn
Your Sighs of Sadness into Songs of Joy.

ELIZA.

What Songs of Joy can lost Eliza sing,
Unless, like mournful Swans inspir'd by Death,
She chants, prophetic, her funereal Strain?

SIMON.

No, rather like the tuneful Bird of Dawn,
Who sings his Farewel to departing Night,
You'll warble Welcome to succeeding Bliss,
And rise, exulting, o'er this Gloom of Woe!

ELIZA.

Alas, for me no Happiness remains!
To sublunary Joys I've bid Adieu,
And scorn a Bliss that dwells beneath the Skies.

SIMON.

Wilt thou, obdurate, scorn a Love like mine
(Sincere as Heav'n, and lasting as the Stars)
If I convince thee *Flavius* is no more?

ELIZA.

Insulting Wretch!

[*Aside.*]

SIMON.

Permit me to assure you

That, accidentally, your Spouse is slain:
Not by the Fate of honourable War;
For that were Glory, that were endless Fame!
But—in th' illegal Fact of mean Seduction,
False to his Friends, his Country, and his God—
Alluring *Hebrew* Hearts to Heathen Foes!

[*ELIZA weeps.*]

On what a Wretch dost thou bestow those Tears
Which make thee still more charming? Heav'n and Earth!
I half adore thee now—O, let me—thus—
For ever clasp thee to my panting Breast!

[*He seizes, and endeavours to hold her; she struggles, breaks from him, and pushes him away.*]

ELIZA [*passionately.*]

Thou Monster of Iniquity—stand off:
Thou smell'st of Hell, thou dost—infernal Villain!
Approach me if thou dar'st—I'll rend thy Heart out,
And send thy Soul to answer for its Crimes!

SIMON [*aside*] turning from her.

How sacred are the Charms of real Virtue?
Celestial Pow'rs defend its Avenues;

And curb the Soul of him who dares attempt it
 With Awe reluctant and unfeign'd Esteem!
 In spite of Pride, in spite of Resolution,
 And all the potent Flames of lawless Love—
 I stand abash'd! and—feel myself a—Villain!

[Turning to ELIZA.

Have you consider'd, Madam, that your Life
 No less than Liberty, is in my Pow'r?
 Yet—both are yours, might I but call you—*Mine!*

ELIZA.

Preach Liberty and Life to dastard Wretches,
 Who tremble at the Clinking of a Chain;
 But know, base Man! to thy Confusion, know
 My Soul's unfetter'd still, and still disdains
 To barter Peace for Liberty and *thee!*
 Prisons! that bugbear Artifice of Knaves,
 Politically us'd to frighten Fools,
 And awe the Coward into mean Compliance,
 Are Ornaments to persecuted Honour,
 And dignify the Virtuous and the Brave!

SIMON.

What! can you then prefer a noisome Dungeon
 To Happiness? to Freedom? to my *Love*.
 Accept of Liberty—accept of Life;
 Take all the Treasure *Simon* can command—

ELIZA [interrupting him.]

No—I detest thee, and despise thy Treasure;
 Could'st thou add Kingdoms to thy proffer'd Boon,
 Kingdoms I'd spurn with equal Indignation!
 Divide thy venal, tempting, shining Poison
 Among the sublunary Sons of Dust,
 Who fancy Gold can purchase ev'ry Joy:
 Gold was design'd for *such*; let *such* possess it,
 While the dark Dungeon, and unsullied Soul,
 For me have brighter Charms! Ah, what is Wealth,
 And Liberty and Life, compar'd with *thee*,
 O, *Virtue!* heav'nly fair: by *thee* inspir'd,
 By *thee* sustain'd thro' all the Storms of Life,
 I'll kiss Affliction's Rod, and hope on Heaven!

SIMON.

SIMON [*aside.*]

Her Words are Daggers to my guilty Love;
And Peals of Thunder, bursting on my Conscience!
I cannot perpetrate my black Intention—
I must—O—I *must* leave her unsubstid'd,
And to my Pris'ner's Charms, remain a Captive—

[*A sudden Knocking without.*]

SIMON [*starting.*]

Who's there?

[*Answer without.*]

A Friend.

SIMON.

If so, then let him enter,

Enter LEVI.

LEVI [*aside to SIMON.*]

I'm sent by *Malachias* to inform thee
A Plot's discover'd to betray the City.

[*Is going.*]

SIMON [*in Confusion.*]

Hah, thou? Come back!

[*Returns.*]

What didst thou say? a Plot!

Explain thyself; I hardly dare believe thee.

LEVI.

'Tis absolutely Fact! and *Malachias*
Has sent and sought thee ev'ry-where in vain:
Thy Presence is immediately requir'd;
For *Jephthæ*, by some traitorous Contrivance,
We find has held a secret Correspondence
With *Titus*: *Malachias* waits for thee
To speak his Doom; for, till he's taken off,
Thy Life's in Danger: guard thy Safety well.

SIMON.

Tell *Malachias* I'll be with him soon.

[*Exit LEVI.*]

SIMON mutters passionately to himself.

Damnation seize his Soul! a Dog, a Traitor!
He shall be tortur'd—roasted—torn in Pieces—

His Bones reduc'd to Powder, and dispers'd
From Street to Street,—His Flesh let Dogs consume:
O, Hell and Fury! if worse Punishment
Can be inflicted, he shall suffer more!

To ELIZA.

The City's Safety now demands my Care;
And, from the softer Scenes of Love, I'm call'd
To worse than War, to quench in its own Blood
Amazing Treach'ry and unnat'ral Treason.
I go—Farewel, thou dear, unsullied Charmer!
Reluctantly I go; once more—farewel! [*Kisses her Hand.*
Haply, should Simon fall, O—deign to pity
Th' unhappy Man, condemn'd to hopeless Love.

[*He beckons the Gaol-keeper in, and confers with him; seems to be going, but returns hastily: then, putting his Hand on his Sword, looks sternly at him.*]

Thy Life for theirs, if either should escape.

[*Aside to the Keeper.*

To ELIZA.

Dear Madam, be pleas'd; by all that's sacred,
Simon will ne'er molest your Honour more:
Live, fair Eliza! live, confirm'd in Virtue,
Your Sex's Glory, and its latest Praise!

[*Exeunt SIMON and GAOL-KEEPER.*

ELIZA.

Thou fierce Hyæna in a fond Disguise!
Insinuating Sycophant, farewell:
Go, join thy Brother-Brutes, and bathe in Blood;
Rejoice in Death, and riot on Destruction!

Re-enter GAOL-KEEPER.

GAOL-KEEPER.

Madam, by Simon's Orders, you're permitted
To have the Freedom of the Inner Court;
And 'tis at your Command, whene'er you please.

ELIZA [*aside*] to DRUSILLA.

Can this proceed from Simon? surely, No!
'Unless some dark, impenetrable Mischief
Is forming to deceive us:—Say, Drusilla,
What Method shall we take?

DRUSILLA.

DRUSILLA.

I saw him mov'd;
There seem'd a sudden Gloom upon his Soul,
As tho' th' Almighty had alarm'd his Conscience:
Who knows? It may be Heaven's Hand, unseen
Working out our Deliverance, by Means
To us unfathomable and unknown.

ELIZA.

How oft our Wishes baulk and disappoint us?
And yet—to be agreeably deceiv'd
How fondly we submit? With what keen Pleasure
We hug the dear Delusion in our Bosoms?
'Till, like the Morning Mist, it fades away
And vanishes to nothing! yet—I think—
Virtue distress'd is Heav'n's peculiar Care!

DRUSILLA.

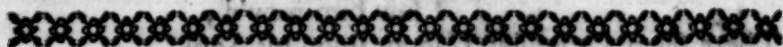
'Tis not for us to search his secret Councils,
But to accept his Gifts with grateful Hearts.

ELIZA.

Remain it so; thy Reason is convincing:
But—*Flavius*—O, *Drusilla*!—there's the Thorn,
The pungent Thorn that wounds my Heart with Woe;
Unutterable Woe! O, *Flavius*! *Flavius*!—
O, *Simon*, worst of Men: alas, my Breast!
How is it torn, divided, and distracted,
By opposite Extremes of Love and Hate! [Pauses.
But—cease, my warring Passions, dare no more
Assault my Peace, and discompose my Soul:
Let, from henceforth, my Thoughts be fix'd on Heav'n!—
Celestial Pow'r! assist my Soul to rise
To thee, supremely Good! supremely Wise!
Conduct me thou thro' this perplexing Way;
Nor let my erring Fears my Faith betray;
On thee I rest, I lift my Pray'r to thee,
Pervading Father of Eternity!
To thee! who know'st what *is*, and what's *to come*,
The Birth of Nature, and her final Doom:
Who wert before all *Time*! and shalt remain,
When in Duration *Time* shall sink again! [Exeunt.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT



A C T III.

SCENE a Court of Justice in the Camp:

TITUS seated under a Canopy: SEXTUS, SABINUS, and several other Officers, Guards, and Attendants.

TITUS.

WHAT farther Bus'ness have we to dispatch?

SABINUS.

There's none remains, my Lord, but what relates
To those Deserters who arriv'd at Noon;
And that, as now 'tis late, we may defer.

TITUS.

What is the Hour?

SEXTUS.

Past Midnight far, my Lord:
And, in Regard to *Cæsar's* great Fatigue,
We humbly hope he'll now adjourn the Court,
And take a necessary, short Repose.

TITUS.

Not so; I'll hear the *Jews* e're I retire;
Humanity commands us to extend
Compassion ev'n to Foes who merit well,
And such, perhaps, are these: Let them appear.

[SABINUS lays a Paper before TITUS.
What's this?

SABINUS.

A List, my Lord, of the Deserters. [TITUS reads.

TITUS.

Bid the Centurion bring the Priest before us.

[SABINUS steps to the Door; then the CENTURION leads in
MATTHIAS, habited as High-Priest: The other Deserters
follow, and stand at a small Distance.]

TITUS.

TITUS.

Art thou High-Priest?

MATTHIAS.

I am.

TITUS.

How art thou nam'd.

MATTHIAS.

At Circumcision I was call'd *Matthias*.

TITUS.

As Gen'ral of the Army, I demand
 On what Pretences you presume to ask
 The Favour of Protection from the *Romans*?
 I need not say, the Vices of your People
 Compel me to proceed with Care and Caution:
 And I forbear extending my Protection
 To *Fugitives*, till I am first assur'd
 No Artifice, no Treach'ry, or Deceit,
 Lurks under their Appearance of Submission,
 Say then the real Cause that brought you hither;
 Come ye submit, to yield yourselves to *Rome*,
 And own *Vespasian* for your lawful Lord?
 Or, does some fond, fantastic Reverie
 Cheat your Imaginations with Design
 Of making Observations in our Camp,
 And holding Correspondence with our Foes?
 Thou art High-Priest; the *Romans* reverence
 Thy sacred Function: I'm induc'd to hope
 No base Diffimulation lurks, conceal'd
 Under the Vestments of thy holy Order. [Rises.
 I charge thee on thy sacerdotal Office,
 And as thou fear'st henceforth my just Resentment;
 On these I charge thee, answer me uprightly:
 Let not thy Fears deceive thy Tongue to Falsehood,
 Nor let thy God be Witness to thy Guile!

MATTHIAS.

Ill it becomes the meanest of Mankind,
 Who wears the Image of that glorious Pow'r
 Whose Wonder-working Word call'd Nature forth,

To

To form an idle Tale for present Refuge,
 Or found his future Hopes on false Reports :
 Less suits it with the Dignity of him
 Whose holy Office calls him to attend
 The sacred Altar of th' eternal King ;
 Less suits it with *his* Dignity to wear
 The many-colour'd Mantle of Disguise !
 No ; be it known to *Cæsar* and the World,
 Not Health, nor Life, nor Liberty, nor Friends ;
 Not all the Wealth the *Roman* Empire yields,
 Nor all the Honours *Cæsar* can confer,
 Shall tempt *Matthias* to degrade his Function,
 Or prostitute the Honour of the Priesthood
 To such unmanly, unbecoming Meanness !

TITUS.

Matthias, tho' thou art a *Jew* by Nation,
 Yet, in thy gen'rous Bosom seems to dwell
 The stedfast Greatness of a *Roman* Soul,
 Unshaken by the Frowns of stern Misfortune,
 And resolutely fix'd to follow Virtue.
 Such is thy Semblance ; but—if in thy Heart
 Insidious Mischief lies, and latent Guile,
 [Regarding him sternly.
 Tremble at *Cæsar's* Wrath, and be assur'd
 It comes not unattended with his Vengeance.

MATTHIAS.

Let Fear inglorious shake the dastard Soul
 Of him who dares be treacherous and base ;
 But Heav'n inspires the Blameless to be bold :
 When I descend to Craft and Imposition,
 May Heav'n and *Cæsar* join in my Disgrace.

TITUS.

Thou answer'st with amazing Resolution !
 And seem'st an equal Foe to Fraud and Fear ;
 Courage is commendable, when established
 On Innocence of Soul. Proceed, *Matthias* ;
 Relate without Reserve your real Reasons
 For seeking Shelter under *Cæsar's* Wing.

MATTHIAS.

Permit me, in Behalf of all before thee,
 With tearful Eye, and bleeding Heart, to say

The

The *Roman* Foes without the City-Walls
 Are Friends, compar'd to those within her Bosom;
 Who, like rapacious Vultures, mad with Rage,
 Devour her Vitals, and promote her Ruin.
 In all the public Places of the City,
 Sedition clamours with unceasing Roar,
 And tott'ring Famine, greedy, ghastly, and grim,
 Extends her meagre, but—resistless Pow'r,
 While Slaughter, flown with Tyranny and Blood,
 Lifts her pale Hand and doubles Desolation!
 Such are the Horrors that surround our Streets;
 Such are the Scenes from whence, amaz'd! we fly.
 No frantic Dreams, no Offspring fair of Fancy,
 No false deluding Hopes have drawn us hither:
 For me, and these my Partners in Distress,
 Abhorrent of such Crimes (whose soul Increase
 From Hell to Heav'n innumerable rise)
 We rather chuse to wear the *Roman* Yoke
 Than mingle in their Guilt, and die with Terror.
 Do as shall seem thee good; no farther Choice
 Continues ours. In Token of Submission
 We here surrender up our Arms to *Cæsar*.

[All advance and lay down their Arms.]

OMNES.

And with our Arms we tender our Allegiance.

TITUS.

'Tis well. *Matthias*, for this Night retire;
 To-morrow Morning I shall issue Orders
 For your Removal hence. Depart in Peace;
 And, as your future Conduct shall approve you,
 Depend upon my Favour, or my Frown.

[Exeunt *Matthias*, Prisoners, and their Guards.]

[*Titus* calls back the Centurion.]

Centurion, see these Pris'ners gently treated;
 Their Aspects speak them not of mean Extraction,
 And Heart-felt Sorrow seems to cloud their Brows.
 Pre-eminence should in Distress be treated
 With a polite Complacency of Manners,
 And a peculiar Tenderness of Heart.
 Be such Deportment yours as may convince them
 With *Roman* Courage true Compassion reigns.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE changes to *Simon's House*.

SIMON [*solus*.]

O lov'd *Eliza*! still thy dear Idea
Incorp'rates with each Thought—dwells in my Eye—
Thence—instantaneous darting thro' my Soul
It fixes there a gently thrilling Pain;
A panting, pleasing, secret, soft, Sensation!
[*Sound of the Roman Trumpets far off.*]

Enter MALACHIAS.

MALACHIAS.

Hark, hark, my Lord; the *Roman Trumpets* sound
To Arms! To Arms! the early waking War
Arises with the Dawn!

SIMON.

Better it were
For those who rashly thus molest her Slumbers,
That they had let her sleep in endless Midnight;
For now, e're Morning ripens into Noon,
In *Roman* Blood her Fury may expire.

MALACHIAS.

Little they think how well we are prepar'd,
And what a warm Reception we shall give them.

SIMON.

No; I suppose they think to storm our City
Is quite an easy Thing: But, we'll convince them
That, 'twixt true Courage and Temerity,
Essential Diff'rence lies. Experience, soon,
Shall scourge these *Roman* School-Boys into Reason,
And send their Master, *Cæsar*, sneaking Home.

[*Trumpets in the City sound an Alarm.*]

MALACHIAS.

Hah! what means this? I fear some sudden Danger!

SIMON.

Danger! what Danger? whence can Danger spring?
Our Fortresses are all impregnable;

And

And 'tis impossible for human Pow'r
 To force our Walls, or move a single Stone.
 But, let them prove our Strength; I'd have 'em prove it:
 'Twere Pity to prevent the busy Triflers;
 There let them rave, and threaten till they foam;
 And vent their idle Execrations on us,
 Till Repetition sicken with the Sound,
 And disappointed Rage extend to Madness!

Enter LEVI.

LEVI.

Haste to the Walls before we're all undone!
 The Romans have advanc'd their warring Engines,
 And taken Fort Antonio by Surprize! [Exit LEVI.]

SIMON.

Hah! this is News indeed, and most amazing!
 I fear the Villain thou hast just detected
 Has sold the City into Roman Hands,
 And we're expos'd to Ruin! Malachias,
 Haste, and command his Tortures to be doubled;
 Let all suspected Persons be imprison'd;
 Tell all the private Centinels to arm;
 Hie thee away—outstrip the Wing of Time,
 Be here, be there, be—ev'ry-where at once!

MALACHIAS [aside.]

First I shall serve my Friend, and then my Master.

[Exit MALACHIAS.]

[Trumpets nearer, another Alarm.]

Enter ALEXAS.

ALEXAS.

To Arms! To Arms! immediately to Arms!
 The Romans have this Moment made a Breach
 Upon the outer Wall: fly to defend it!
 John has led forth his Forces to the Battle;
 Come, join him instantly with all thy Men.

SIMON.

Tell him I come; my Men are under Arms,
 And only wait their Chief to lead them on. [Exit ALEXAS.]

A Whirl-

A Whirlwind this, and quickly will be past;
 But, *Romans!* since you dare provoke our Ire,
 All Vengeance can inflict, expect to feel. [Exit.

SCENE changes to the Prison. [Lamps down.

Enter MALACHIAS to the Door, conducting FLAVIUS
disguised like a Jewish Officer.

MALACHIAS.

Safely at length I have convey'd thee hither,
 Thro' Storms of Fate, and Thousands of thy Foes.

FLAVIUS.

Thou best of Friends! thou something more than Brother,
 My Heart o'erflows with lively Gratitude,
 Which Language can but faintly represent:
 O, put it in my Pow'r, propitious Heav'n,
 By equal Obligations to reward thee.

MALACHIAS.

When gen'rous Deeds are done in Expectation
 Of mean Reward, they're gen'rous Deeds no more;
 But, poison'd with Self-interest, they pollute
 The sacred Name of Friend. Believe me, *Flavius*,
 That elegant Sensation of the Soul,
 That Ray of Heaven which we feel within,
 Arising from Reflection.—*That*, alone,
 Is more than Kingdoms to a gen'rous Mind.
 But now, forbear to sacrifice the Moments
 On Friendship, which are due alone to Love;
 In one Hour's Time I must remand thee hence:
 There's that will introduce thee.

FLAVIUS.

What is this?

MALACHIAS.

'Tis *Simon's* Signet; shew it to the Keeper:
 Added to thy Disguise, it will protect thee
 From all Suspicion of our friendly Fraud.
 Say thou hast somewhat to communicate
 Of Consequence, from *Simon* to *Eliza*, [FLAVIUS starts.
 In which 'tis requisite to be alone.

[Exit MALACHIAS hastily.

FLAVIUS.

FLAVIUS [*solus.*]

From *Simon* to *Eliza* did he say?
 From *Simon* to *Eliza*? O, Perdition!
 What could he mean? is then *Eliza* false?
 No, that can't be; and yet—it may—it must—
 'Tis evidently so; else, for what Cause
 Was I to say from *Simon* to *Eliza*?
 I'll see her not—a base, ingrateful Woman!
 I'll see her not—I'll go this Moment back
 And mix among my Foes, and meet my Death!
 What's Life to me, when she's no longer mine?

[*Is going, returns, pauses.*]

But stay—suppose I face her, and confound her:
 Guilt, when appall'd, may startle to Confession,
 And, thro' the Mask of seeming Innocence,
 Itself it may betray.—I am determin'd:
 Now, aid me, Resolution!—

[*Comes forward in Sight of the Gaoler.*]

GAOLER.

Whence art thou,

And what's thy Bus'ness here?

FLAVIUS.

My Bus'ness is

From *Simon* to *Eliza*: I've a Message,
 And must deliver it to her alone. [*Advances to the Door.*]

GOAL-KEEPER [*stopping him.*]

I can't admit thee; I've receiv'd Commission,
 On Pain of Death, to let her speak to none.

FLAVIUS.

To none?

GAOL-KEEPER.

To none, save *Simon*.

FLAVIUS [*aside.*]

This distracts me!

Now I'm convinc'd she's false, but—still, I'll see her;
 I'll see her! and—strike Shame upon her Soul.
 O Woman! Woman! O, deceiving Woman!
 Sure, from the first of Time, thy Sex were sent

G

To

To curse, insnare, and—captivate Mankind!

[To the Keeper.

Suffice it for the Breach of thy Commission

That I produce Authority from him. [Shows the Signet.

GAOL-KEEPER.

This Evidence admits of no Dispute. [Unlocks the Door.

FLAVIUS.

By this Authority I farther charge thee,
Till *Malachias* come to call me hence,
—That none dare enter, or approach the Door.

GAOL-KEEPER.

Thy Order shall be punctually obey'd.
[Locks the Door and Exit.

SCENE draws, and discovers *Eliza* sleeping
on a Couch.

FLAVIUS.

Astonishing! and can the fair Deceiver
Be sunk in Slumber thus, and soft Repose?
Can Guilt with Sleep thus quietly accord?
Unnat'ral League! I'll instantly divide it,
And frown like Conscience on the guilty Mind!

[Draws his Sword, and advances towards the Couch; looks
on her, and starts back.]

Heav'ns! can I smite her? No: shall Charms like these
Distain'd with Blood expire! let Villains dare,
Relentless Villains, from whose callous Hearts
Humanity recoils—let such profane,
Deal Death unseen, and glut their Swords with Gore.
Leave Punishment to Heav'n—

[He turns from her, and endeavours to sheathe his Sword,
but trembling lets it fall; the Noise awakens *Eliza*.]

ELIZA.

[Aside, starting up as amaz'd.

Who can he be?

Like some Time-eaten Statue in a Wall,
His Aspect threatens Death, and frowns Defiance!
But—let the Guilty fear! I fear him not;

I'd ask his Purpose, were he *Satan's* self,
Or *Satan's* Master-piece, that Villain *Simon*!

[Approaches him.]

What odious Wretch art thou? an Imp of Darkness!
Or one of *Simon's* Bloodhounds seeking Slaughter?
Hah! what lies here? by this I see thy Purpose;
Come, execute it well—Nay, tremble not—

[Gives him the Sword.]

I'll bare my Bosom to receive the Wound,
And thank thee to release me! but—if aught
Of Pity in thy ruffian Breast remain, [Kneels.
Let me conjure thee with my latest Breath,
If yet he lives, and thou hereafter see
My dear—my faithful *Flavius*, let him know
That I refus'd Love, Liberty, and Gold;
And died a Martyr to my Marriage-Bed:
Now—strike the fatal Blow; and say to *Simon*,
By Virtue strengthen'd, I rejoic'd in Death! [Rises.
[He turns from her in Confusion, and drops the Sword.]

FLAVIUS [aside.]

What do I hear? Confusion and Distraction!
What do I see?—my Senses are astounded!
And inexpressible Perplexity
Pervades my very Soul! O—*Jealousy*!
Detested, Hell-born Hag! how dar'st thou thus,
All filthy and infernal as thou art,
Presume to wear the radiant Robe of Truth?
First-born, and fairest Attribute of Heav'n!
What shall I do?—which Way shall I accost her?—
While gentle Passions bid me to her Bosom,
Scouling Remorse and villain-sneaking Shame,
Companions dire of Guilt, deter me thence,
And stare me to a Statue!—O—*Eliza*!—

ELIZA [starting.]

Sure I should know that Voice!—[He approaches and kneels.]

FLAVIUS.

My dear *Eliza*!

ELIZA.

Regard me, gracious Heav'n!— [Shrieks and faints.]

FLAVIUS [*catching her.*]

Despair and Death!

What has my Rashness wrought?

Enter DRUSILLA, running; she sees FLAVIUS and starts back in Amazement.

FLAVIUS.

Drusilla, Oh—

If tender Pity ever touch'd thy Heart—

Mingle thy Tears with mine!—

[*Sets ELIZA in a Chair, and supports her in it.*]

DRUSILLA.

Thou monstrous Villain!

Dost thou spill Blood, and ask another's Tears

To wash the Stain away?—first learn to feel,

Inhuman Hypocrite! whoe'er thou art,

Blood shall for Blood be paid!

[*Takes up the Sword, and advances towards FLAVIUS.*]

FLAVIUS.

Well; be it so:

I ask not Life—I loath it as my Bane;

And Death is Pleasure, to the Pangs I suffer!

DRUSILLA [*looking at him.*]

So much thy Voice resembles that of *Flavius*!

I almost—think thee—him!

FLAVIUS [*flinging off his Disguise.*]

The same, *Drusilla*;

The poor, distracted, wretched, ruin'd *Flavius*!

[*DRUSILLA starts, and drops the Sword.*]

Drusilla, see; behold this beautiful Corse!

In Life, how lovely? and, in Death, how fair?

[*DRUSILLA approaches, they both weep over ELIZA.*]

DRUSILLA.

Ye Guardian Pow'rs of Grace! conduct her Soul

To Realms of Peace, and everlasting Joy!

FLAVIUS.

FLAVIUS.

Wretch that I am! tho' but in *Thought* alone,
 I've injur'd so much Innocence and Love—
 That *Thought* reverberates upon my Soul,
 And stings me with Confusion.—Heav'n and Earth!
 How hateful to himself does Man appear,
 When Conscience is his Foe? Alas, *Eliza*,
 My dear *Eliza*! to thy clay-cold Lips— [*embracing her.*
 Let me unite my own, and thus—expire!

ELIZA revives and starts.

ELIZA.

Where am I, and with whom?

FLAVIUS [*in Transport of Joy.*]

By Heav'n she lives!

She lives! and I am blest'd: my Life, my Love—
 'Tis *Flavius* who supports thee!

ELIZA.

Sacred Pow'rs!

My Eyes deceiv'd me not; 'tis surely so!

O, speak, beloved Shade! O say the Cause

That thou from Paradise——

[*Almost faints again.*]

FLAVIUS.

What means my Fair?

Dost thou mistake me for an Apparition?

O, couldst thou view my Agony of Soul—

View all its Guilt, its Grief, its Shame, its Horror—

Then would thy melting Heart——

ELIZA.

Again I'm lost!

Propitious Heav'n, restore me to myself,

Or give me to unfold this mystic Vision!

But now, methought, a ruffian Form appear'd,

Bloodthirsty, and tremendous to behold,

Looking Revenge and Rage!—'tis soften'd now,

And seems as 'twere my *Flavius*, all aghast—

In Tears—and trembling with alternate Passions!

FLAVIUS.

Would it were so! Would *Flavius* did not feel,
 Severely feel himself awake to Woes

G 3

Unspeak-

Unspeakably afflicting! yes, *Eliza*;
I am thy *Flavius*—I am that Assassin,
Who sought thy Life— [Turns from her, weeping.

ELIZA [aside.]

This must be more than Fancy!
If thou art *real Flavius*, for my Heart [To FLAVIUS,
Ev'n still suspects my Eyes; how cam'st thou here?
And why this Attitude? for what these Tears?
From whence these outward Marks of inward Anguish?
What hast thou done? and wherefore dost thou fear?
O, speak—Suspence is Death!

FLAVIUS.

That I am here
I owe to *Malachias*—'twas by him,
'Twas by his Friendship that, in yon Disguise,
I pass'd unnotic'd thro' ten thousand Dangers:
That I am thus—good Heav'n!
[Turns from her, unable to proceed.

ELIZA.

Say on, say all:
As burning Poison to the fest'ring Wound,
So thy Delays add Agony to Anguish!

DRUSILLA [aside.]

'Tis more than I can bear! I must retire. [Exit DRUSILLA.

FLAVIUS.

Ah, no! my Tortures are not to be told;
Seek not, alas! their hidden Source to know,
But, let them sink in—everlasting Silence.

ELIZA.

Unkind and cruel! I conjure thee, speak:
Thou art not *Flavius*, if thou can'st refuse.

FLAVIUS.

Thou'rt more than mortal, if thou can'st forgive me!

ELIZA.

I'll swear thee Pardon, if thy Errors rise
From fond Mistake, or blind Excess of Love;
Can *Flavius* ask me more?

FLAVIUS.

FLAVIUS.

No more, *Eliza*;

My Pardon's sworn, and I have nought to fear.
 As *Malachias* took his hasty Leave,
 Some Words he spoke, which rashly I misconstru'd;
 From thence drew false Suspicions of thy Virtue,
 And fear'd that much detested Villain, *Simon*,
 Triumph'd in secret o'er my injur'd Honour!
 Thus, stung with Jealousy, in mad Mistake,
 And by Resentment fir'd, I sought my Sword,
 And aim'd the deathful Blow; when (but unseen)
 Swift down descended some celestial Pow'r,
 Which smote, or seem'd to smite my sick'ning Soul,
 And turn'd, or seem'd to turn my Sword aside—
 Starting from Slumber, my *Eliza* rose
 As Saints arise! by Innocence sustain'd,
 By Faith and Fortitude prepar'd for Death,
 In full Assurance of celestial Glory.
 For me! ah, what remain'd? severe Dismay,
 And Heart afflicting Horror!—more I cannot:
 Redundant Shame, and Bitterness of Grief,
 Arrest my fault'ring Tongue! O let my Tears
 In silent Eloquence declare the rest,
 And wash my Guilt away! O let my Sighs
 From thy fond Bosom each Idea waft
 Of foul Distrust and Fear!

ELIZA.

Let those resent,

Whose Conduct fades before the Face of Proof;
 True Virtue, like true Gold, as oft assay'd,
 More perfect will appear.

FLAVIUS.

Dwells there on Earth

Such Excellence divine, save here alone? [*Embraces her.*]
 O—I could fix my Eyes for ever on thee,
 For ever look unutterable Love!

ELIZA.

My Life's best Blessing—my supreme Delight
 (Save Heav'n) and only Joy!—I cannot speak
 The Transports of my Mind, nor represent
 That ardent-glowing, exquisite Affection,

Softer than Friendship, kinder than Esteem,
Which knits my Heart, and blends my Soul with thine!—

Enter Malachias hastily and in Confusion.

FLAVIUS.

Dear *Malachias*, one short Moment more
Indulge me to remain.—

MALACHIAS.

Thou canst not here ;
Nor yet canst thou return : Alas, I fear
Our Friendship will o'erwhelm us with Misfortunes !

FLAVIUS.

What sudden Cloud of Fate surrounds us now ?
But—take my Life—I yield it with Delight,
To save thy Honour blameless ! but, from whence
Proceeds a Change so sudden and surprizing ?

MALACHIAS.

Time will not now permit me to relate
The various Causes that alarm my Fears ;
Know this in short, the *Roman* Legions yield,
And Conquest will be ours. If so, perhaps,
Our jealous Chief (who scarce believes his Eyes,
Or even trusts his Ears) himself may come
To re-examine *Jephthæ* in the Prison,
Thus should it prove, as, who can tell ? it may,
If timely Circumspection be not us'd,
We're equally undone ! The Guards without
Are doubled : Every Avenue's surrounded ;
And all are search'd at Ent'rance and Return.
Escape thou canst not.— [Seems to consider.

ELIZA [weeping.]

O, my boding Heart !
What hast thou more to feel ?

FLAVIUS.

Alas, *Eliza*,
Not for myself, for thee alone I fear !

MALACHIAS.

MALACHIAS [*as recollecting himself.*]

Fear not, my Friends; you shall be both conceal'd
There is, within the Limits of this Pris'n,
A secret, subterraneous, gloomy Cell,
To *Simon* ev'n unknown: Thither descend
Immediately with me, and there remain;
When Danger's over, I'll convey you thence;

ELIZA.

Kind Heav'n, protect my *Flavius*!

FLAVIUS.

Yes, *Eliza*;

He will protect us both: Impartial Heav'n
Oft' smiles on Wretches, while he withers Kings. [*Exit.*]

SCENE changes to the fourth.

(See Page xvi.)

[*A Noise of the Battle, Clashing of Swords, &c.*]

Enter JOHN and SIMON.

JOHN.

Be not dismay'd my Countrymen and Friends;
Are we not HEBREWS? fight we not for Freedom?
Our Lives, our Laws, our Temple? all that's dear!

SIMON.

Well done; fight on: Strike Home, my Fellow-soldiers;
Be Death our Choice, or Liberty our Prize!

JOHN.

There; cut them down! let out each Coward-Soul,
That animates its sapless Trunk with Fear. [*Shout.*]

Enter TIBERIUS in Confusion.

TIBERIUS [*endeavouring to rally the Romans.*]

Romans! return—return! retrieve your Honour!
Are you not yet convinc'd? can you not see
Ye fly from Madmen, by Despair inspir'd?
Romans! return! for Shame return, and conquer;
Nor meanly lose your Laurels to your Foes!

[*While*

[While Tiberius is speaking, the Romans halt, and endeavour to recollect themselves; but the Jews pursue their Advantage, and drive them off. Trumpets sound a Flourish; the Jews remain.]

JOHN.

As when the vengeful Tempest pours its Rage
On some majestic Dome, grown weak with Age;
At long Defiance tho' it held each Blast,
Splits, trembles, wavers, nods, and—falls at last;
So fall their Hopes! and thus their Heroes yield,
Exult, O HEBREWS! Masters of the Field!

SIMON.

Exult, O HEBREWS! pay them back their Scorn;
Courage sustain'd our Swords, and Conquest crowns the
Morn! *[Flourish and Exeunt.]*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.



ACT



A C T IV.

SCENE, *The PRISON.*

Enter TWO NOTARIES.

1st. NOTARY.

WILL it be long e're *Simon* meet us here?

2d. NOTARY.

No; they report he's coming.

1st. NOTARY.

This poor Wretch,
Whom we're to re-examine, will (they say)
Discover nothing.

2d. NOTARY.

Hitherto indeed
He has sustain'd his Suff'rings like a Hero,
Tho' ev'ry Limb's distorted, and each Nerve
Beyond its Center stretch'd with cruel Force.

1st. NOTARY.

Jephthæ had ever an heroic Soul,
And strongly hated *Simon*; if, in Fact
He has betray'd the City, 'tis, perchance,
From his Aversion to that Tyrant's Party.

2d. NOTARY.

I question much the Truth of the whole Matter;
For, had the City really been betray'd,
The *Romans* would have found some easier Means,
Than by Assault, to enter.

1st. NOTARY.

I confess it;
But Fear, th' inseparable grim Companion
Of lawless Force, and arbitrary Sway,

Is ever present in the Shape of Danger,
 To scare a Tyrant wheresoe'er he goes.
 Thus fares it with our Chief; a Tyrant he,
 Yet, to his Fears a Slave: We're Slaves to him
 On the same abject Principle, our Fears:
 For, by ten thousand Instances, we learn,
 That Disobedience to his barb'rous Orders
 To us were present Death.

2d. NOTARY.

Curs'd be the Day
 That gave him Ent'rance in *Jerusalem*.—

1st. NOTARY.

Hush—Peace; he's coming: let us not provoke
 The Stroke of Fate untimely; since we know
 Death is declar'd for all who dare but murmur.

Enter SIMON guarded, and GOAL-KEEPER.

SIMON.

Take *Jephthæ* from the Rack.

GOAL-KEEPER.

'Tis done, my Lord.

SIMON.

Then order him before us. [Exit Goal-keeper.]

[To the NOTARIES.]

Gentlemen,

You're Notaries, are you not?

NOTARIES.

We are, my Lord.

SIMON.

I charge you then, as you regard your Lives
 To shew this vile Conspirator no Favour.

[*Jephthæ is brought in by two Men, hand-cuff'd and fetter'd:
 His Legs, &c. appear as dislocated and swollen.*]

1st. NOTARY.

1st. NOTARY.

Jephtha, we're order'd to examine thee
Again on this Affair: What can'st thou say?

JEPHTHAÆ.

'Tis to no Purpose you examine me,
I am determin'd not to make Reply.

2d. NOTARY.

That's worse than saying nothing.

JEPHTHAÆ.

Let it be.

1st. NOTARY.

Come, come; no Hesitation: Speak at once,
And tell us all thou know'st.

JEPHTHAÆ [*groaning*.]

I will not speak,

Nor shall your Tortures force me.

2d. NOTARY.

Villain! speak:

Thou hast betray'd our City.

JEPHTHAÆ.

So thou say'st

1st. NOTARY.

Nay, so say thy Adherents: they accuse thee
Of being Principal in this Design.

2d. NOTARY.

Hast thou not giv'n Intelligence to *Cæsar*,
And held a Correspondence with him? Speak.

JEPHTHAÆ.

I'll answer that to Heav'n, but not to you. [*Groans*.]

1st. NOTARY.

Presumptuous Hypocrite, resolve us now,
And not, Priest-like, pretend to prate of Heav'n.

JEPHTHAÆ.

JEPHTHÆ.

It favours, I confess, of Prophanation,
To mention Heav'n before the Fiends of Hell.

SIMON [*rising hastily from his Seat.*]

This Arrogance deprives me of all Patience!
Bring in the Rack; again he shall be tortur'd.

[*Rack brought in.*]

JEPHTHÆ.

Already thou hast tortur'd me to Death;
I've little left to feel, and less to fear.

SIMON [*approaching him hastily.*]

Hast thou not sold the City to the Romans?

JEPHTHÆ.

I have *not* sold it; but, suppose I had?
The City does not appertain to *THEE*;
Thou hast no Bus'ness in it, Rebel-Tyrant!

SIMON [*furiously.*]

Abusive Miscreant, dar'st thou thus insult
Authority and Pow'r?

JEPHTHÆ.

Miscreant thyself,
What Pow'r or what Authority is thine?
Thou Minister of Satan!

SIMON [*walking to and fro in a Rage.*]

Thinkest thou
Such Insolence of Tongue shall pass unpunish'd?

JEPHTHÆ.

I'm well convinc'd no Language I can use
Can sharpen thy Resentment. Mute as Death
Were I to stand, or, with beseeching Face,
Pamper thy Pride by importuning Pity;
Rough, rude, resentful, bloated with Revenge,
Thy Heart would harden more! Let therefore TRUTH—
Let TRUTH, that Stranger to thy Soul, call forth
To flame the latent Hell that glows within thee,
And represent thee to thyself a Monster!

1st. NOTARY.

1st. NOTARY.

Speak, *Jephthæ*, hast thou any more Adherents,
Than those who have already suffer'd Death?

2d. NOTARY.

This farther, dost thou know of any other
Conspiracy, in which thou art not join'd?

SIMON [*passionately.*]

Examine him no more; he shall not answer:
I'll have his Tongue drawn forth with burning Pincers,
And from his Body shall his Heart be torn,
To broil and blister in the scorching Sun.

JEPHTHÆ.

Thou can't command my mortal Part alone,
My Soul's beyond thy Pow'r!— [*Exit Simon in great Fury.*]
Indulgent Heav'n,

Speed on my happy Change.—Now—now—I feel,
With Joy, I feel incumbent Death upon me—

O Tortures! all farewell; Eternity!

Thrice welcome to my Soul!—go ye, and say,

[*To the Notaries.*]

Say to that Tyrant, *Simon*, ye beheld me
Surrender up my Soul, and—dying wish'd—
Wish'd him to feel—the—Tortures he inflicts,
And share the Punishments—I can no more—
Receive me, Heav'n.— [*Dies.*]

1st. NOTARY.

Alas, the Traitor's dead!

2d. NOTARY.

Thus reigns the Tyrant!

1st. NOTARY.

How happy were it for *Jerusalem*,
If now the Tyrant held the Traitor's Place!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE changes to a subterraneous CELL in
the PRISON. [*Lamps down.*]

FLAVIUS and ELIZA.

ELIZA.

And wilt thou—can'st thou leave *Eliza* here?

FLAVIUS.

Thou know'st what Friendship ever has subsisted
'Twixt me and *Malachias*; we are bound
By mutual Confidence, in mutual Oaths
Of Secrecy and Honour: One short Hour,
At first, was all indulg'd me; lucky Chance
Has made it more than two: When he returns,
With him I must depart.—Alas, *Eliza*,
Like Bodies disunited from their Souls,
I seem but half myself when rent from thee!

ELIZA.

Must it be thus? O! must we part so soon?
So soon—perhaps for ever! cruel Thought:
Two tedious Moons *Drusilla* and myself
Have wasted Sighs in comfortless Confinement,
And cruel Recollection of the Time,—
That fatal Time! the Hour of Separation.
Snatch'd from thy Side by unsuspected Ruffians,
As we together rambl'd from the Camp
In Grief; forgetting Danger while we wept
Our City's Ruin, and our Nation's Woe!

FLAVIUS.

Eliza, cease;—this Repetition wounds,
Afresh my Heart, and—I—can bear no more! [*Weeps.*]

ELIZA.

And wilt thou leave me thus expos'd to *Simon*?
Have I not told thee of his vile Intention?
Dost thou not tremble at his base Design?—

FLAVIUS [*with great Fervour.*]

Distracting—agonizing Thought!—O, Heav'n!
By thy unbounded Pow'r—protect my Fair!

ELIZA.

ELIZA.

My dearest *Flavius*! let us part no more :
 Either thou shalt not go, or I'll go with thee,
 Tho' Dangers infinite perplex the Way,
 And ev'ry Corner is beset with Death !

FLAVIUS.

O say not so : Inevitable Ruin
 Must be the Consequence if I remain,
 Or thou return with me. Think, dear *Eliza* ;
 Think what Disgrace attends on broken Faith !
 No ; chuse to throb my Heart till thou shalt burst
 With keen Severity of pungent Sorrow,
 Rather than deviate from the Paths of Honour,
 And blot my Conscience with so foul a Stain.

ELIZA.

O, stay ! I've still ten thousand Things to tell thee ;
 Ten thousand Grievs and Fears surround my Soul,
 And drive me to Distraction !—I'm undone—
 From thee divided, I'm undone for ever !

FLAVIUS.

Thus, as from Thorns, on Thistles I am cast,
 Then back on Thorns again ! Such my Distress :
 I turn, and turn—yet, turn me as I can,
 Still deeper are my Wounds, and worse my Tortures.
 But—dear *Eliza* ; O—my better self—
 On *Flavius* pour thy Torrent of Distress !
 Let me absorb it in my bleeding Bosom ;
 Forget it thou, and give thy Soul to Peace.

ELIZA.

Forbid it, Heav'n, that Peace should on my Soul
 Extend her balmy Wing, till I'm restor'd
 In Freedom to thy Arms, or—those of Death !
 O, *Flavius*—leave me not— [Turns from him weeping.]

FLAVIUS [weeping also.]

Suppress thy Tears,
 Or mingle them with mine !—*Eliza*—Oh— [Embraces her.]

[Door opens.]

Alas—I must away !—the Voice of Death
 Is less alarming to departing Souls
 Than this unwelcome Summons—

H

ELIZA.

ELIZA.

Cruel Fate!

Strengthen me, Heaven, to support my Woes—

Enter Malachias [in Haste.]

MALACHIAS.

Now Safety smiles! come, haste thee to return,
And leave thy Fair to Providence and me.FLAVIUS [*resuming his Disguise.*]Friend of my Bosom, I beseech thee, guard—
Guard as thy Life this Fav'rite of my Soul!
I dare confide in Providence and thee.

MALACHIAS.

With me, while Life remains, she shall be safe.

FLAVIUS [*embracing her.*]May Heav'n defend thy Innocence and Life;
And Angels watch thy Way!—Adieu, my Fair.

ELIZA.

O *Flavius*—O—Farewel!—[*Exeunt, weeping.*]

SCENE changes to the Roman Camp.

Enter TIBERIUS and SEXTUS.

SEXTUS.

Be comforted, my Friend; the Face of Fortune
Is various and uncertain, like the Vapour
Which oft' obscures *Aurora's* blushful Cheek,
But fades in *Phæbus' Rays*.

TIBERIUS.

Absurd Advice!

Thinkest thou thus to sooth me to Indiff'rence
While Honour bleeds beneath a false Report?
'Tis only there that I regret a Wound,
And fear a Scar, my Friend: My Life's a Trifle;
A Debt to Nature, which I could resign
Without the least Reluctance! but—my Honour
Thus to be stung with Slander—

SEXTUS.

SEXTUS.

Fear it not:

Have Patience; 'twill exhaust itself in Air,
 And die of Disappointment. *Cæsar's* Bosom
 Will yearn to reinstate thee in his Favour,
 When Truth, all-eloquent, shall clear thy Fame.
 Was ever Gen'ral more averse to punish?
 To Pity and Forgiveness more inclin'd?
 Did ever Gen'ral, with superior Pleasure,
 Acknowledge Merit, and reward Desert?

TIBERIUS.

I own it, *Sextus*; I have Cause to own it;
 But—such abusive Scandal—

SEXTUS.

Scandal! Pish:

Scandal is easy to be propagated,
 But difficult to prove.

TIBERIUS.

A slight Misfortune

Opens the ill-ton'd Mouth of squinting *Envy*
 To yelp foul Rumours on the best Intentions;
 And gives to secret-working Malice Room
 To steal on Reputation like a Coward,
 Trip up its Heels, and smear it o'er with Mire!

SEXTUS.

You know, e're *Cæsar* leads the gen'ral Battle,
 All the Commanders will appear before him;
 If he should notice thee by Reprimand,
 It will behove thee much to justify
 Thy Honour from Reproach.

TIBERIUS.

And I shall speak,

As I have fought, with fearless Resolution. [Trumpet.

SEXTUS.

Behold! Occasion spreads the happy Moment;
 The Trumpet summons us to *Cæsar's* Presence. [Exeunt.

[Scene drawn discovers Titus in his Pavilion; over it the
 scarlet Banner. On his right Hand, a little below him,
 the Roman Herald, and by the Herald two Trumpeters.

H 2

Enter

Enter immediately a Number of Officers, who place themselves according to their Rank on each Side of Titus. Re-enter also Sextus and Tiberius, who, as Lieutenant-Generals, place themselves next him.]

TITUS.

What Shame ! what Scandal to the Roman Honour
Thus to be baffled by a starving Crew ?
A Crew of Ruffians, Murd'ers, Thieves, and Slaves ;
Mere Dregs of Earth—the Refuse of Mankind !

[To Tiberius.]

And thou, *Tiberius* ! foremost for the Fight,
And first to turn thy Back upon the Foe—
I give thee here this public Reprehension,
Before my Officers : I say, *Tiberius*,
Thy Honour's blasted by this foul Retreat,
And th' hast endanger'd *mine* ! What can'st thou say ?
Thou ! who hast drawn a Cloud upon her Lustre
By thy inglorious Flight. Could I have thought
Tiberius was a COWARD !——

TIBERIUS *[interrupting him hastily.]*

——Stay, my Lord——

TITUS *[passionately.]*

Stay thou, till I have finish'd——

TIBERIUS.

I declare

I'll speak, my Lord, tho' instant Death attend it !
Whoe'er presum'd to poison *Cæsar's* Ear
By whisp'ring that *Tiberius* was a Coward,
Let him approach ! I'll measure Courage with him,
And teach him how to fall.——

TITUS *[still passionately.]*

Silence, *Tiberius* ;

On Silence I insist : Learn thou to know
Thy proper Distance, and to keep thy Tongue
Within the Bounds of Decency and Duty.

SEXTUS *[aside to Titus.]*

Nay, good my Lord—(if I may so presume,
Without incurring your Displeasure) hear him :
'Twas *not* his Fault, it was the Fate of Battle.

TITUS

TITUS [*to Sextus.*]

Sextus, Appearances are strong against him ;
And Justice here presides, and shall prevail.

SEXTUS.

Let him but speak ; you know his noble Soul
Abhors Untruth : You'll find by his Relation,
Tho' he endeavour'd to be more than Man,
He's now misrepresented less than Hero.

TITUS [*to Tiberius.*]

Defend thyself, *Tiberius* ; Time is short,
And much remains undone : I shall rejoice
To find thee free from Blame ; for I esteem thee
In Friendship ever dear.

TIBERIUS.

And *Cæsar's* Friendship
Is the most glorious Gift he can confer ;
Dear as my Life ! and sacred as that Honour,
Which, in his Presence, I am proud to clear !

TITUS.

Relate the full Account of thy Proceedings.

TIBERIUS.

My whole Detachment was but fifteen Thousand ;
And some of these I was oblig'd to spare,
And leave as Garrison in *Fort-Antonio* :
From whence, in Consequence of *Cæsar's* Orders,
I drew the rest before the City-Walls,

At first, my Lord, the *Jewish* Forces flew,
Or sunk beneath our Swords ; we follow'd close,
And dreadful was the Slaughter ! Man on Man
Promiscuous fell, enlarging Death's Domain !
Rejoicing *Romans* hail'd the Day their own,
For Victory seem'd to settle on our Banners :
We even made a Breach, prepar'd to enter—
When, suddenly, we found ourselves engag'd
With more than forty thousand of the *Jews*,
Under their Leader, *Simon*, who advanc'd
Insidiously upon us. During this,
John's Party from the *Temple* (who before
Were almost routed) rallied, and came down
Most furious on our Flank : we were surrounded ;

Nor had we Room to fight, or Time to fly :
 Till (but assisted by *Minerva's* Aid)
 We cut our dubious Way, rallied again,
 And fac'd once more the Battle. New Supplies
 Came to them ev'ry Moment from the City,
 Thick'ning like *Hydra's* Heads upon the *Romans*,
 Who with *Herculean* Vigour mow'd them down,
 And stemm'd th' impetuous Torrent ! Sword to Sword
 Disputing ev'ry Inch of Ground we lost,
 Determin'd or to conquer, or to die.

While ardent Glory warm'd each *Roman* Heart,
 The *Jews* dar'd all thro' Fury and Despair ;
 By these impell'd, tho' driven to their Walls,
 (Lavish of Blood, and prodigal of Life !
 Again they turn'd—defying Opposition !
 Seiz'd on our Engines, and, like swarming Bees,
 Clung on each other, till, by Fire and Force,
 They levell'd both our Batt'ries to the Ground.
 My best Endeavours to collect my Men,
 Once more, were ineffectual : All, as one,
 Smote with Confusion, sought to gain the Camp,
 Blind to my Signals, deaf to my Commands.
 I did all Man could do ; it was not mine,
 Singly, to quell the Fury of a Rabble
 Push'd on by wild Despair. I was the last,
 The last who left the Field : Almighty *Jove*
 Controul'd our Fate, and with relentless Pow'r
 Snatch'd from our Hands the Glory of the Morn.

TITUS.

The Will of *Jove* be done ! 'tis not for Man
 To question, or oppose his wise Decrees. [*To his Officers.*
 Are any present who can contradict
 The Truth of this Relation ?—Silent all ?

[*Looks around on all.*

TIBERIUS.

Speak, he that can, and dares ! Speak, Fellow-soldiers ;
 Many of you can witness my Behaviour,
 Who saw me in the Field.

[*A Pause.*

TITUS.

What ! no Accusers ? [*Turns to TIBERIUS.*
 Then greater Honour's thine : I know, *Tiberius*,
 I know thy Merit well. [*To his Officers.*

Whoever tries

I

His

His utmost, can no more ; and, though Success
 Not always crowns his Wish, who boldly dares,
 In Honour's Cause, has Merit : and his Glory,
 Tho' not so dazzling to the *Undiscerning*,
 Wants not for Lustre with discerning Eyes.
 Misfortune may obscure illustrious Actions,
 As gath'ring Storms obscure the lab'ring Sun ;
 But future Time shall never say of *Titus*,
 He could not see its Rays behind a Cloud. [*To TIBERIUS.*
Tiberius, rest assur'd my Doubts are vanish'd ;
 And I approve thy Conduct, tho' the Event
 Cropp'd in full Bloom thy rising Expectation.

TIBERIUS.

Cæsar is no less generous than just ;
 Unbias'd, both to punish, and to pardon.

SEXTUS.

Cæsar was ne'er severe, unless compell'd
 To shew his Detestation of a Coward.

[*Officers salute TIBERIUS.*

TITUS.

Now, to the arduous Bus'ness of the Field :

[*To his Officers.*

Are all your Men in Readiness to march ?

OMNES.

They are, my Lord.

TITUS.

Then hear me, Fellow-soldiers :

I have conven'd you, to communicate
 My final Resolution. I propose
 At length to give a general Assault
 On all Parts of the City, and decide,
 By one effectual and concluding Stroke,
 Its long protracted Fate. You, *Romans*, know
 I've done what Patience and Compassion can
 (Consistent with my Honour) by Forbearance.
 The *Gods* are Witnesses my Inclinations
 Were rather to preserve, than to reduce them :
 But, thro' my kind Delay more stubborn grown,
 Insolence insupportable prevails,
 And drives them headlong down the Steep of Ruin
 To perish in th' Abyss of *Roman* Rage.

The fatal Period's come which shall determine
 Whether *Jerusalem* or *Rome* shall reign
 Supreme o'er all Mankind! that little Branch
 Of budding Laurel they so lately pluck'd
 Untimely from our Brows, shall, in their Hands,
 Become a Firebrand, smoking with Perdition:
 Let them be taught to feel that *Roman* Valour,
Anteus like, draws Vigour from its Fall
 To wrestle with its Foes. Now, flush'd their Hopes,
 As Moths they fondly flutter in the Glare
 Of wavering Success, dear bought and transient;
 Which, like the Meteor of the fenny Vale,
 Now light, now dark, deludes them to Destruction.
 Too long in vain has slept the slaught'ring Weapon,
 [Draws his Sword,
 But, now call'd forth, it shall repose no more,
 Till *Romans* conquer, or till *Cæsar* yield!

SEXTUS [drawing.]

Nor shall a Sword thro'out the *Roman* Army
 Be longer sheath'd, now *Cæsar* draws his own. [All draw.

TITUS.

Great *Jove*, our *Priests* report, this Hour has giv'n
 Propitious Indications of Success:
 Let none dispute their Promise, or their Pow'r,
 But on th' Assistance of the *Gods* rely.
 Strengthen'd in their Puissance, we'll advance,
 And humble these proud Vaunters to confess
 The Froth of Conquest cannot long subsist
 Without the real Pow'r. 'Tis Time they prove
 What Rebels ought to feel when they oppose
 Rashness to Strength, and Insolence to Courage.
 On your Behaviour, Warriors, I depend,
 Who share with me the Dangers of the Day,
 And reap the laurell'd Honours of the Field!
 As Perils thicken, let your Prowess rise,
 Nor heed the Fury of a headstrong Rabble;
 Such are the *Jews*—precipitately bold,
 Fierce without Courage, crafty without Conduct:
 They know by Artifice to steal Advantage,
 Yet have not Prudence to improve Success.
 But, *Romans*! use Discretion with your Courage;
 And by your Candour make your Conquest firm,

When

J E R U S A L E M.

67

When fairly you have won it: guileful Deeds
 Are but the Fruit of *Fraud* on ravish'd *Honour*,
 Tutor'd by *Cunning* in the School of *Knaves*.
 A Mind that's truly great despises *Fraud*,
 That Ape of Policy in Wisdom's Mantle,
 The Plume of Folly, and the Coward's Crown;
 To Fools and Cowards leave it: Let the *Romans*,
 With gen'rous Pride, and noble Emulation,
 Indignant spurn such Indigence of Glory
 For worthy Hearts too mean: remain it ours
 To win like Heroes, or with Honour fall.
 No longer let us stand as tame Spectators,
 While Famine, Faction, and Sedition, fell,
 With threefold Rage promote the Work of War,
 And strip us of the Glory due to Conquest!
 No; in Despite of Danger, Toil, and Death,
 Our Swords thro' Blood shall force our Way to Fame!
 [Brandishes his Sword.]

[*Trumpets sound a March, then the Herald advances forward.*]

H E R A L D.

Speak, *Romans*; are you ready for the Battle?

O M N E S.

We're ready for the Battle, Hearts and Hands.

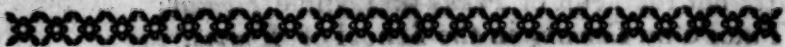
[*Trumpets again sound a March; are join'd by several other Trumpets behind the Scenes, as from the Roman Army; then a general Shout. Titus waves his Truncheon, at which all the Officers draw up, in order to march.*]

T I T U S.

Now, Sons of *Rome*, immortalize your Fame;
 By glorious Deeds acquire a deathless Name:
 In Honour's Page let this eventful Day,
 When Monuments of Marble shall decay,
 Appear distinguish'd by Renown supreme,
 The *Hero's* Pattern, and the *Poet's* Theme:
 Let long succeeding Ages sound our Praise,
 And crown this Conquest with perpetual Bays.
Exeunt, marching off to a Concert of warlike Music.

E N D O F T H E F O U R T H A C T.

A C T



A C T V.

SCENE Herod's Castle.

Enter JOHN and SIMON.

JOHN.

THIS is our last Asylum; if again
Our Forces but resume their wanted Courage,
Still we may conquer *Rome*! these Avenues
Are fortified with so much Art and Strength,
To force us hence, all *Cæsar's* boasted Pow'rs,
United, were in vain!

SIMON.

Surrounded thus,
We'll make the Hero's tenfold Courage tremble,
And daunt him with Dismay!

JOHN.

A Thought occurs;
Suppose we make a Sally on his Troops
Immediately, and mow them down by Thousands!

SIMON.

Not now; our Men are faint: I think it best
That we defer a Sally till Tomorrow.

JOHN.

As cools their Blood, their Courage too may cool;
Besides, th' Excess of Famine is so great
No Food can be procur'd.

SIMON.

The *Roman* Wall
Which *Cæsar's* Army rais'd, in Hope to force
Our City to Subjection, is the Cause
Of this our Scarcity.

JOHN.

Titus shall see
That Wall revers'd, and scatter'd round his Camp,

E're

JERUSALEM.

E're yet three Days expire ! to Freedom born,
Hebrews are *Hebrews* still, and scorn to yield
Their Necks to *Roman* Yokes, or bear the Load
Of abject Bondage.

SIMON.

Hebrews yield to *Rome* !

Forbid it, Heav'n, and guard us, heav'nly Pow'rs !
Rather let Ocean vanish, Mountains melt,
And *Judah's* fruitful Plain's become a Desert !
Rather—let Stars and Sun refuse to shine,
And torpid Earth drop down to central Darkness !
Rather—

JOHN [*hastily.*]

Hah ! see ; our Friend *Alexas* comes
With hasty Errand—

SIMON.

If I ken him true,
He seems to speed with Fate upon his Face,
And Sorrow-smitten Soul !

Enter ALEXAS [as in Confusion.]

JOHN.

How now, *Alexas* ?
Thou seem'st as tho' confus'd !

ALEXAS.

I am, my Lord !

SIMON.

How fares it with the warring World, *Alexas* ?

ALEXAS.

Most dreadfully, my Lord ! we're all undone !
The Majesty of Heav'n afflicts the *Romans*,
And smites the *Hebrews* Hearts with pannaic Horror !

JOHN.

An idle Tale, the Fruit of false Invention ;
Thou'rt not *Alexas* : some malicious Dæmon
In his Appearance mocks us with Delusion.

ALEXAS [*in Surprise.*]

My Lord ?

SIMON.

The SIEGE of

SIMON.

Resume thy Subject, tell us all;
Say what we have to hope, and what to fear.

ALEXAS.

Hope? 'tis for ever fled! there's no Resource;
No Strength—no Refuge—Famine and Despair
Yawn horrid, with Amazement on their Brows,
And Ruin in their Arms!

SIMON.

What shall we do?

JOHN.

Some Measures must immediately be taken
T' oppose the Progress of the potent Foe.

ALEXAS.

As well you might oppose the Lightning's Flash,
Eruptive bursting thro' the mid-air Cloud!
Our Men are all dispers'd we know not whither:
Loquacious, breathing Death, and drunk with Blood,
In ev'ry Street profusely swarm our Foes.

SIMON.

Fury and Death!—it is not to be borne:
Annihilate this fateful Day, O Heav'n;
Or—cut it off from Time!

JOHN.

Let us go forth;
Let us at least once more attempt to rally
Our scatter'd Troops—

ALEXAS.

It can't be done, my Lord.

SIMON.

What dost thou mean? it *must* be done—it *shall*.

ALEXAS.

Alas, my Lord, the utmost has been tried:
Our Forces are no more against the *Romans*
Than Feathers dancing devious in the Air,
Or Smoke before the Gale!

JOHN.

JOHN.

Traitors and Slaves!

Is this their boasted Courage? this the Aid
 They lend their sinking City? go, *Alexas*,
 Use all thy Efforts, ev'ry Method prove;
 Excite, persuade, compel them back to Duty,
 And drive them on the Foe!

ALEXAS.

These and still more
 Have been essay'd in vain: pale, gasping, faint,
 Exanimate with Fear, to Caves—to Dens—
 As Safety prompts, or Terror points, they fly.
 Such Scenes of Desolation, Fire, and Sword,
 Have not, since Earth was Earth, till now appear'd,
 Or shall be seen again!—In short, my Lords,
 The City's irrecoverably lost;
 The Men who guard this Castle will not fight;
 And, worse than all, the Temple is—in Flames!

Both [starting.]

In Flames!

ALEXAS.

In unextinguishable Flames!

Beyond the Pow'r of Language to relate,
 Or utmost Bounds of Thought to comprehend.
 Compar'd with this—*Vesuvius* is no more
 Than Torches to the Light. Volumes of Smoke
 In spiral Clouds ascend, dusky and drear:
 And from beneath, successive Sheets of Fire
 Tow'rd Heav'n's high Concave with astounding Roar
 Flash, dreadful and tremendous; doubling Day,
 And making sick the Sun! suffus'd with Heat,
 And suffocating Fumes, red glows around
 The agitated Air! it looks as tho'
 The gen'ral Conflagration were at Hand,
 And universal Nature teem'd with Fire!

JOHN.

Alexas, cease; my Soul can bear no more;
 I'm wither'd with Distress, and lost in Anguish!

ALEXAS.

Alas, my Lord, not half our Woes are told!
 Mountains of Slain defile the sacred Altar,

And,

And, Mid-leg deep, the Pavement floats with Gore,
 Which the voracious Flames with quenchless Thirst
 Most eagerly devour: another Stream
 Comes pouring on; a larger yet succeeds,
 And yet a larger still! *Romans* and *Jews*,
 With equal, ardent, emulative Rage
 Combine to swell the Stream into a Flood,
 The Flood into a Sea! Heart-piercing Groans,
 And Widows Shrieks, and helpless Orphans Cries,
 And loud Laments, and Yellings of Despair,
 In mad Confusion mix, and multiply
 Th' appalling Horrors of this fatal Day!
 'Tis inexpressible! Description fails.
 The World's convuls'd, Mankind is in Amaze,
 And all Creation seems to tremble round him!

JOHN.

Better for us would instant *Chaos* rise,
 And crush Creation in its ample Ruins!

[A Pause.]

SIMON.

What more remains for us but huge Dismay
 And Mis'ry in Excess? mysterious Heav'n
 In the dark Bosom of impervious Fate
 Fashions his deep unsearchable Decrees,
 And sends them forth at his appointed Time
 As awful Envoys of his sov'reign Pow'r,
 To scatter wide the weak Designs of Man,
 And blast his Schemes with Storms of Disappointment!

ALEXAS.

Might I advise, 'twere best, my Lords, to seek
 In Flight your future Safety: nought remains
 If you abide, but Death; or—worse than Death,
 The Frowns of Conqu'rors, and the Chains of Slaves.

SIMON.

Mistaken Man! because I thus reflect,
 Dost thou suppose we're form'd with Souls so mean
 To put our Trust in Flight, or meanly shrink,
 When Danger calls, and Courage bids advance?
 What tho' our rigid Fate, with scouling Eye,
 Askaunt regards us, and, malignant, sets
 Millions of Perils in Array against us?

Better

JERUSALEM.

Better with Glory and in Freedom fall,
Than sneak like Vagabonds in distant Climes,
Unknowing and unknown ! Better to fall,
Than groan beneath the galling Chain of Bondage,
And swell the Triumph of successful Tyrants !

JOHN.

Base Coward ! go ; first prove thyself those Wings
With which thy Terror plumes thee : Stretch them forth,
And hie thee to the Realms of rayless Night ;
Conceal'd by black Oblivion shudder there
In dastard Shame, and Fear-begotten Silence !

Enter MALACHIAS [basily.]

MALACHIAS.

Fly for your Lives !—the Castle is surrender'd ;
The *Romans* in a Moment will surround you,
Inflam'd with all the Insolence of Conquest,
And all the Arrogance of fierce Revenge !
Loud and still louder, with unceasing Roar,
The Storm of Battle thunders in the City :
Thick, and still thicker, wing'd with fatal Speed,
Thro' Mid-air cutting, sing the Darts of Death !
By yonder private Gate fly while you may ;
A subterraneous Passage leads from thence
Into *Siloah's Vale*, and—

SIMON [*interrupting him.*]

Curs'd be he,
The first whose abject Soul, by Fear inspir'd,
To Flight inglorious turns before the Foe !

JOHN.

Has *Cesar* conquer'd ? *Cesar* soon shall see
Unvanquish'd we remain, and undismay'd ;
Stedfast in Liberty to stand or fall.
Well spent the latest Breath, the dearest Blood,
Well spilt of him who dies in Freedom's Cause !

[*Shout within.*]

SIMON.

What Clamour's this ?

ALEXAS.

The Shouting of the *Romans* !

JOHN.

JOHN.

Perdition seize their Throats !—but—here's a Blade

[*Puts his Hand on his Sword.*]

Has heretofore made many a Chief recoil,
Has many a Chief o'erthrown ! Often, O *Rome*,
Often hast thou thy smitten Warriors wail'd
Dispatch'd to Darkness by my conqu'ring Steel.
Yet more by * this may bleed.—This was my first,

[* *Draws his Sword.*]

My first Defence, and is my last Dependence ! [*Sheathes it.*]

SIMON.

What mightier Feats, what Deeds of Death more drear,
Thy Sword has wrought than mine, is hard to say,
Nor worth contesting now : Our future Span
Let each (as Heroes should, who can no more)
Employ, to greatly dare, or—nobly die. [*Shout within.*]

*Enter TITUS, SEXTUS, and SABINUS, followed
by a Multitude of Roman Soldiers. The Jews with-
draw unobserved to the back Part of the Stage, and
consult.*

TITUS.

Come on, my Men ; come on : The Castle's ours !
These Walls impregnable, and Tow'rs sublime,
To *Romans* only yield ! *Sabinus*, go,
Give instant Orders that our Priests prepare
A solemn Sacrifice to mighty Jove,
Whose Hand, supreme, has wrought with us, to gain
This Vict'ry thus complete : His Pow'r ador'd,
And grateful Thanks return'd, our next will be
To march in grand Procession thro' the Gates,
To take Possession in the *Senate's* Name,
And publicly declare the City conquer'd.

SABINUS.

I go, my Lord.

[*Exit Sabinus.*]

SEXTUS [*observing the Jews.*]

Stand ! Who and whence are ye ?

SIMON [*more softly.*]

Whoe'er we are, it boots not thee to ask,
Nor us to make Reply.

.MEC.

JOHN.

JOHN.
We'll not inform thee.

TITUS.

Celestial Pow'rs ! what do my Eyes behold ?
The two arch-tyrant Rebels ! who so long
Have held *Jerusalem* in bold Rebellion,
And sacrific'd such Numbers of her Sons
To Faction, Famine, Pride, and private Hatel

SEXTUS.

Surrender instantly.

JOHN.
Yes, we'll surrender,

Sextus, but not to thee.

TITUS.

Terms are not yours

To chuse.

SIMON.

One Choice remains for us, proud *Roman*,
Beyond the Limits of thy paulty Pow'r
To grant us, or refuse.

TITUS.

Whate'er my Pow'r,
And howsoe'er despis'd, I still retain.
Much more than would suffice, were such my Will,
To crush ten Thousand such weak Worms as you.

JOHN.

Titus ! I dare thee *now* to single Combat.

—SIMON.

And I *defy* thee, *Titus*.

TITUS [*smiling contemptuously*.]

'Twere absurd,

And inconsistent with my Dignity,
To soil my Weapon in the Blood of Slaves,
By Right of Conquest mine. Six Hours ago,
In Field of Battle had you brav'd me thus—
Both should have felt the Prowess of my Arm,
And found your Death in Gore ! but now 's too late :
No other Honqur shall henceforth be yours,

I

Than,

Than, first, to grace my public Entry here,
Then, crown my Triumph thro' the eager Gaze
Of all-applauding *Rome*. Lay down your Arms.

JOHN.

We will not lay them down.

TITUS.

Then we'll compel you:

Disarm and lead them hence.

[To his Men.

SIMON [fiercely.]

Avaunt, ye Slaves!

Thou, *Titus*, art a COWARD! Learn of us,
Heroes at all Times can from Slavery fly,
Because at any Time they dare to die.

[They draw short Daggers from under their Coats, and rush on each other's.]

JOHN.

Witness, O Heav'n! and, all ye Romans, know
The Sons of ISRAEL are the Sons of Freedom;
By Death we gain a Victory more complete
Than *Cæsar* by his Sword:—

[As they are sinking, *Alexas* and *Malachias* support and weep over them.]

ALEXAS.

Alas! my Lord.

JOHN.

With Grief and Gratitude, my dear *Alexas*,
I thank thee for thy Care—a long Farewel—
Death is a dreadful Medicine—for Despair—
Beyond the Grave—are—HORRORS.—

[Dies.

SIMON.

Malachias,

May Heav'n reward thy Diligence!—adieu.—
The Terrors of Eternity surround me—
I go—I know not whither—guilty Conscience,
That Sin-created, ever-present Vulture,
Is—Death's most pungent—Sting!—

[Dies.

MALACHIAS.

Alas, they're gone!

Pardon their equal Crimes, eternal Heav'n.

TITUS.

TETUS.

Farewel, departed *Chiefs*! and may your Souls
 Rest in *Elysian* Bow'rs. May others learn,
 By your Examples and untimely Fate,
 The dire Effects of impotent Rebellion. [Exeunt.]

SCENE draws and discovers a ruined Building.

Enter ELIZA and DRUSILLA.

ELIZA.

What Myriads of successive Dangers wait
 On ev'ry rising Hour? Alternate tost
 Like Bubbles here and there, we seek in vain
 To find a Place of Refuge, or Repose:
 How were our Prison-hours perplex'd with Fears?—
 Escap'd from thence, new Fears beset us round;
 Still thicken as they fall the Storms of Woe!
 Expos'd to unknown Perils, we're compell'd
 To sculk with Bats, and purblind Birds of Night,
 Among the musty Mould'ring, rude and rotten,
 Of these degen'rate Ruins! O'er our Heads
 The dislocated Rafter vibrates dire;
 And, fraught with Dust, the Refuse of the Worms,
 Dangles on ev'ry Beam the pendent Web.
 Spoil'd of their loamy Coat, the rugged Walls
 In primitive Undress appear, disgustful:
 Thro' widen'd Clefts, bleak blows the yawling North;
 And, from the Vaults beneath, o'er which, with Step
 Mistrustful, we advance, dank Vapours rise,
 Of noxious Quality, oppressing Life,
 And sav'ring of the Grave!

DRUSILLA.

And yet, perhaps,
 To this uncouth Retreat (in Days of Yore,
 The happy Haunt of Man, tho' now forlorn,
 And crumbling to Decay) ev'n here, who knows,
 In Quest of Blood the Tyrants Wolves may prowl,
 And seize us for their Prey.

ELIZA.

Hark! whence that Noise?

DRUSILLA.

Let us withdraw ; I fear we are surrounded !

ELIZA [*stepping cautiously.*]

Alas, our Shelter totters while we tread,
Grown tremulous with Age !

[*As they are preparing to withdraw, enter the Goaler
and two others in Pursuit of them, with drawn Swords.*]

DRUSILLA.

O Heav'n, they're here !

GOAL-KEEPER.

According to my latest Information,
This is the Place in which they last were seen.
Hah !—here they still remain.

ELIZA.

Ye Ruffian-Slaves !

What, will you lift your coward Arms ?—

GAOL-KEEPER.

No Words—

Your Fate's determin'd, and your Death's at Hand.

[*They seize on Eliza and Drusilla.*]

Enter Flavius suddenly and draws.

FLAVIUS.

Inhuman Villains, hold ! resign your Prize,
Or Death shall be your Portion—

GOAL-KEEPER

Who art thou ? [*Attempts to assault him.*]

FLAVIUS.

Audacious Wretch ! my Sword shall answer that—

[*Fight.*]

[*Flavius slabs him.*]

Get thee to Hell, and ask thy Fellow-Devils

The Name of him who sent thee howling thither !

[*Goal-keeper dies.*]

[*During this Encounter, the other two Men muffle and drag
off Eliza and Drusilla. Flavius, turning to their
Assistance, misses them.*]

FLAVIUS.

FLAVIUS.

*Eliza and Drusilla?—lost again!**[Looks wildly, then searches among the Ruins.*

Unhappy *Flavius*! how thy short-liv'd Joy
 In Air is borne away?—Alas,—*Eliza*?
 Ye Guardian-Angels that surround the Just,
 O, shield them both with your protecting Wings;
 O, shield them both from Harm! Where shall I go?
 Where shall I fly to find them?—

[Essays to go both Ways, and runs off wildly.

*Enter Tiberius, at the Head of a Party of Romans,
 with Eliza and Drusilla, and the Ruffians bound.*

TIBERIUS.

Where is *Flavius*?

ELIZA.

My Lord, we left him here!—Propitious Heav'n,
 Be thou his Guard!—See, to his Sword a Prey,
 Lies the inhuman Wretch who sought to slay us!
 But, by what Inspiration *Flavius* came,
 Is almost to a Miracle amazing.

TIBERIUS.

Flavius, two Hours ago, begg'd Leave of *Cesar*
 To speak with *Malachias* in your Favour,
 Which *Cesar* condescended to permit:
 This was the safest Way by which to pass
 In Quest of *Malachias*; hence appears
 The Cause of his Approach and your Deliv'rance.
 But, Madam, I'm astonish'd you'd attempt
 So rash an Enterprize!

ELIZA.

O, my good Lord,
 Call it not rash; by Chance we overheard
 The cruel Orders sent by *John* and *Simon*,
 That ev'ry Pris'ner should be put to Death,
 Left all should join the *Romans*: Learning this,
 Some who were not in Chains broke down a Wall,
 And instantly escap'd; we follow'd them,
 Not knowing how or whither: But the Keeper,
 Immediately alarm'd, pursu'd us close,

And found us here; that Instant *Flavius* came,
 As from the Clouds descended, to protect us!
 But, while he fought the Keeper, these base Villains
 Muff'd and dragg'd us furiously away,
 In order to have slain us: Then it was,
 That Heav'n stepp'd in with interposing Pow'r,
 And sent thee to redeem us! But—I fear—
 Greatly I fear, my *Flavius* is no more!
 And I survive all wretched and forlorn,
 To spend my future Days in Sighs and Sadness,
 A weeping Widow in a Land unknown!
 [*They turn from Tiberius weeping.*]

Enter Flavius in great Haste and Disorder.

FLAVIUS.

Romans, make Way, and let me thro' your Ranks;
Eliza's lost, and *Flavius* is distracted!
 [*He endeavours to break thro' them.*]
 Hell! do you stop me? I'll complain to *Cæsar*,
 I will not be oppos'd!—

TIBERIUS.

Stay, *Flavius*, stay;
 Receive from me thy Heav'n-defended Fair.
 [*Leads them to Flavius.*]

FLAVIUS [*embracing them.*]

My dear *Eliza*! and *Drusilla*! welcome,
 O, welcome to my Soul: Henceforth, till Death
 Divide our Union, may we part no more!
 [*To Tiberius, embracing him.*]
 Let grateful Tears, most excellent *Tiberius*,
 Pour'd in thy Bosom, represent, unfeign'd,
 The Thanks I owe thy Friendship and thy Care.

ELIZA [*turning with Drusilla to Tiberius.*]

Gen'rous *Tiberius*, give us Leave to thank thee,
 Since to thy kindly Aid—

TIBERIUS [*interrupting her.*]

Enough, *Eliza*;
 A Hero's Duty binds him to defend,

His

His Honour calls him to relieve Distress :
 The noblest Good a gen'rous Mind enjoys
 Is Pow'r to aid the injur'd, friendless Fair ;
 Such Actions we esteem their own Reward,
 And, for the Boon we give, ourselves are Debtors.
Flavius, farewell ; I hasten to attend
 Our Gen'ral's Entry : northward to the Camp
 A Way lies clear before thee ; not a Jew
 Remains thro'out : the Living are dispers'd ;
 The Channels, as I pass'd, were flown with Blood,
 And all the Streets are cover'd o'er with Slain.

FLAVIUS.

May Heav'n reward thee in the Realms of Peace !

[*Exeunt* TIBERIUS and SOLDIERS.]

DRUSILLA.

How providential was our Preservation !

ELIZA.

A Providence indeed !—a Miracle,
 Commanding grateful Hymns of Praise to Heav'n !

FLAVIUS.

Great is the Mystry of Almighty Pow'r !
 Beyond or human Thought, or Angel's Ken,
 Unsearchable his Ways ! thro' Glooms obscure,
 And Labyrinths of Woe, by secret Means,
 Ev'n to ourselves unknown, he guides our Steps
 By Paths of Peril into Scenes of Peace.

DRUSILLA.

Hah ! see how fiery Sparkles dance in Air !
 See how the Flames ascend !

FLAVIUS.

Alas, *Drusilla*,
 The Tokens of our Temple's Dissolution
 Scatter themselves around !

ELIZA [*weeping.*]

How Israel's Crimes
 Provoke, vindictive, Heav'n and Earth against them !

FLAVIUS.

O, *Sion*! Queen of Cities, first in Fame;
 How are thy lofty Palaces defac'd!
 How doth thy glorious Temple waste in Flames!
 How doth the Sword of Slaughter drink thy Blood!
 How are thy Heroes fallen!

DRUSILLA.

Thy dainty Dames,
 With orient Gems and purple Pride adorn'd—
 Where are they now?—

ELIZA.

By meagre Want compell'd
 To feed—O horrid! on their infant Young,
 In secret Caves unseen!

DRUSILLA.

O, stern Distress!
 Inhuman Cruelty of savage Famine!
 Did ever Desolation equal ours?
 Can Mis'ry wear an Aspect more severe? [Shout within.

FLAVIUS.

But hark! this universal Shout declares
 Great *Cæsar*'s Entry in our conquer'd City!
 Let us depart unnotic'd while we may,
 In deep Affliction, to the *Roman* Camp,
 And weep the sad Reverse of *Sion* there.

ELIZA.

O, *Sion*! much lamented, most belov'd!
 Dire Monument of Fate—farewel for ever:
 A sad, long, solemn, late, and—*last* Adieu!
 With thee my Heart—with thee! my Heart—remains.
 [Exeunt,

SCENE

SCENE opens to the farther End of the Stage, and discovers the eastern Gate in Front, with the *Roman* Flag over it.

Enter through the Gate, in solemn Procession,

Two *Roman* Officers, bearing the Standard of the Army, ornamented with Laurel,

II.

Roman Officers two and two.

III.

Four Officers with Banners.

IV.

Colours revers'd, taken from the Enemy.

V.

Roman Soldiers marching in Ranks, bearing each in his right Hand a drawn Sword; in his Left, a Branch of Laurel.

VI.

Malachias and *Alexas*, with several other Prisoners of War.

VII.

The Bodies of *John* and *Simon*, borne on Biers, and surrounded by a Party of *Roman* Soldiers.

VIII.

A Party of *Cæsar's* Guards with Lances.

IX.

Cæsar's Standard, borne by *Sabinus*.

X.

The *Roman* Heralds.

XI.

A Band of Music, playing.

XII.

Cæsar, in a triumphal Car, with the Figure of *Victory* on his right Hand, holding over his Head a Crown of

of Laurel; and Peace on his left, offering him an Olive Branch.

XIII.

A Party of Guards, &c. as before.

[Music continues till the Officers and Soldiers divide into Ranks at proper Distances, on each Side of the Stage; then Pause.]

Chief HERALD advances forward.

Trumpets alone.

HERALD.

Hear, all ye Heroes, Chiefs, and Sons of Rome!

Trumpets again.

HERALD.

Hear, all ye Heroes, Chiefs, and Sons of Rome!
'Tis Caesar's Pleasure, and by his Command
I now acquaint you, in the Senate's Name,
He takes Possession of Jerusalem.

OFFICERS and SOLDIERS.

Hail, Caesar! Caesar, hail!

[Flourish with the Music.

Pause.

Trumpets alone.

Hear, all ye Heroes, Chiefs, and Sons of Rome!
This farther I'm commanded to inform you,
From this Day forth Jerusalem's declar'd
A City conquer'd by the Roman Arms:
And 'tis hereby decreed, and I pronounce it,
With all its Privileges, Rights, and Freedoms,
A legal Acquisition; and, as such,
Hereafter, and for ever, to be deem'd
A lawful Subject to the Pow'r of Rome.

OFFICERS and SOLDIERS.

Hail, Caesar! Caesar, hail!

SEXTUS and TIBERIUS.

Hail, Emperor!

All

JERUSALEM.

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All the other Officers,

Hail, Emperor!

SOLDIERS, joining their Acclamations.

Hail, Emperor! Emperor! hail! hail, Emperor!

Grand Concert of Music.

N. B. This Sketch was never intended as the real Order in which the Procession was to appear on the Stage, but only to give the Managers an Idea of the Author's Intention.

O D E,

For MUSIC and VOICES.

RECITATIVE and AIR.

Shout! shout, ye Romans! lift your Voices high,
And let your *Io Pæans* reach the vaulted Sky.

AIR for two Voices.

Hail Emp'ror, hail! by Heav'n design'd
The Foster-father of Mankind;
Long live on Earth, and late arise
To re-possess thy native Skies!

RECITATIVE.

Conquer'd Nations kneel before him;
Joyful Romans half adore him:
Gods themselves regard with Pleasure
Rome, exulting o'er her Treasure!
More than Treasure Worth possessing,
Where on Earth a greater Blessing?

SOLO.

In Battle a Hero undaunted and brave;
He wars but to conquer, he conquers to save:

Ye

Ye Romans, rejoice, and be grateful to *Jove*,
Who lends him to lead us till wanted above.

AIR.

Superior shall great *Cæsar* shine,
When *Jove* commands him hence away;
The first of Demi-gods divine!
In Regions of celestial Day.

TRIO.

From thence Heroic Rays impart,
Inspiring ev'ry Warrior's Heart,
Who shall in future Time be born,
The *Roman* Empire to adorn,
And bear our Arms from Shore to Shore,
Till Time and Conquest are no more!

Grand CHORUS.

Shout! shout, ye Romans; lift your Voices high:
And let your *Io Pæans* reach the vaulted Sky!

TITUS.

For this high Testimony of your Favour,
And great Esteem, (my Friends and Fellow-soldiers)
Unfeigned Thanks are due. To merit this,
The greatest Honour that you can confer,
Shall be my Study and continual Care:
Nor less with Sentiments of Gratitude
My Soul o'erflows, for your distinguish'd Deeds
In this auspicious, this most glorious Day,
Which to Disgrace consigns our vanquish'd Foes,
And in the Stars enrolls the *Roman* Valour.
This let me add, which, tho' I could command,
To ask may be sufficient. Let your Hearts
In Pity spare the Blood your Pow'r might spill:
Contract your Rage, and teach your warring Swords,
The Ornament of Vict'ry is *Forbearance*,
Let godlike Condescension and Compassion
To late Posterity indear our Names;
That Empires, rising from the Womb of Time,
On *Roman* Precedents may form their Conduct;
By our Example humanize their Heroes,
And learn of us to vanquish and to spare,

Let

J E R U S A L E M.

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Let *Sion's* Overthrow, and *Sion's* Crimes,
Descend in Thunder to succeeding Times ;
Let guilty Nations tremble, and confess,
As were her Vices, *so* was her Distress !
By Choice, and *not* by Chance, the Curse prevails ;
Not *Fate*, but *Justice* rules th' eternal Scales.
Learn, ye who bask in Luxury and Ease,
That Heav'n can punish whensoever it please ;
Tho' erring Man may think its Vengeance slow,
Sure is the Bolt, and—dreadful is the Blow.

[*Exeunt* OMNES.]

F I N I S.

